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IS THIS COUNTRY at last waking up? There are signs. In Illinois the candidacy of Hugh S. Magill, at first laughed at by professional politicians, is beginning to disturb their nights' sleep. Mr. Magill is fighting for the Senatorship as an honest Dry. Against him are George E. Brennan, the wringing Wet Democratic boss of Chicago, and Frank L. Smith, more or less Dry, both of whom accepted checks in their primary campaigns from the public-utilities magnate, Samuel Insull. And—almost surprisingly in these days of complacent corruption—there are people in Illinois who take this issue of honesty seriously.

IT IS IN INDIANA, however, that the great revolt is visible. There a group of fighting Republican newspaper editors is defying the Klan-named officials of the State. D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Klan and boss of Indiana, is in jail, convicted of second-degree murder. His prison meditations have apparently moved him to confession. But all the power of the State government has been set against exposure of the facts of Klan control. Stephenson got a few letters out to Thomas W. Adams, the Vincennes editor who today represents the conscience of his State, and Adams has Stephenson's documents in a safe outside the boundaries of Indiana. But the governor and his prison board have refused to permit Adams or his attorneys to see Stephenson; at first refusing any investigation of his charges, they finally moved toward an investigation under their own auspices. The governor was Stephenson's man, the attorney general, too; the mayor of Indianapolis is said to have signed a preelection pledge to consult the Grand Dragon about all appointments. Adams has had to fight against the entire machinery which ought to have exposed the corruption itself. It has been a magnificent fight. The Indiana Republican Editorial Association has supported him, with a few pusillanimous exceptions, in a manner that gives hope that the press of America will earn again the prestige that it has been losing.

MR. C. B. VAN DUSEN is general manager of the S. S. Kresge Company of Detroit; he is also president of the Detroit Y. M. C. A. The Kresge Company, according to Senator Couzens, pays its girl employees $7.50 a week. And the Y. M. C. A., through Mr. Van Dusen, withdrew, while the American Federation of Labor was in session in Detroit, the invitation which it had in July extended to William Green, president of the federation, to address its members. Simultaneously the Christian churches of Detroit withdrew the invitations they had, in accordance with the seven-year-old custom of the federation's convention cities, extended to labor leaders to speak from their pulpits. Two churches were honorable exceptions to this dishonorable retreat—the Bethel Evangelical Church, Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, pastor; and the First Unitarian Church, Augustus P. Record, pastor—and a Congregational church, after wiggling and wabbling, finally opened its doors for a joint labor-church protest meeting. One or two other facts are pertinent in this episode in the history of Detroit Christianity: The Y. M. C. A. is conducting a $5,000,000-building campaign in Detroit, toward which the non-union Ford firm had pledged $1,500,000, the non-union Fisher Body Corporation $500,000, and the non-union S. S. Kresge Company, which pays its girls $7.50 a week, $300,000. Among the directors and officers of the Detroit Y. M. C. A. are Truman H. Newberry, who was forced to resign from the United States Senate because of campaign-fund scandals; and Charles Beecher Warren, whom the Senate refused to confirm as Attorney General; and other bankers, merchants, and automobile manufacturers. And it was a circular letter from the Detroit Board of Commerce which frightened the churches into their retreat.

THE PROTESTANT PASTORS of Detroit obviously are not in the habit of choosing their texts from the nineteenth chapter of Matthew. When a young man enters the Y. M. C. A. he is in no danger of hearing a secretary quote: "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor": nor, probably, does it often occur to the directors that it might be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Yet, as a matter of fact, we are not surprised by the cowering of the Detroit churches when the non-union employers cracked their whips. It is part and parcel of a long, long history. Let those who accused Upton Sinclair of wild exaggeration when he wrote his "Profits of Religion," let

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those who had no understanding for the anti-church feeling in Russia and in Mexico study the story of Detroit. Despite hundreds of stirring individual exceptions, the Protestant church in America is the ally of the interests which feed it. Detroit was no novelty. Protestant cathedrals, million-dollar Y. M. C. A. buildings are not built with the pennies of the millions, but with the substantial contributions of the "substantial" section of the community. And these men do not make out checks in six figures to organizations which are at all likely to interfere with their profits.

NEW YORK STATE'S Water Power Commission (Republican) has recently given the public two more slaps in the face. It has evolved a plan for disposing of the St. Lawrence to private interests, and invited the Frontier Corporation and others to step up and bid; it has tried to give away the Salmon River in the Adirondacks. The St. Lawrence plan includes the unusual and usurious provision that if the State ever desires to buy the private company out, it must pay cost plus 15 per cent; it provides a loophole for "good-will" and other intangibles in valuation; the higher interest rate on private bonds as compared with public bonds would in fifty years add $100,000,000 to the cost of the project; and the commission asks the corporations to complete only half of the job by 1934. A more ruinous compact for the citizens of New York it would be difficult to imagine. The Salmon River project, according to the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, would bring to the State just $720 a year in revenue, although it would be the opening wedge for $50,000,000 in enhanced values for private power corporations. The commission deigned to grant the protesting organizations a hearing, but when they reached Albany they found the hearing postponed without notice until after election! Such are the gentry who have our natural resources in charge.

LATER REPORTS on the abolition of compulsory military drill from the College of the City of New York show that the authorities were not without guile in the matter. First reports in the newspapers sounded so well; the incoming freshman class was to have the choice of military training or "civilian drill"—which latter might not be so very pleasant but was at least an alternative. Then, to the surprise of those who had admired last year's protests against the R. O. T. C., the freshman class voted four to one for military training. There was something strange about this; several students in the college have been kind enough to furnish us with the explanation. There was, it appears, nothing about the new course in the catalogue of studies from which the freshmen made up their schedule of classes. Anyone who has ever performed the feat of fitting courses in where they do not want to go, will realize what a mathematical triumph a completed program is. It was days after college opened when the acting president announced the new "civilian-drill" course; the student programs of studies had already been made up. It is always hard and sometimes impossible to change them. In addition, a fee of six dollars was required for the privilege of wearing gray-striped "civilian" trousers while drilling, and at the same time it was carefully announced that military uniforms would be furnished gratis by the Government. In spite of the difficulties of changing their programs, in spite of the six dollars which is important enough to most students of City College, in spite, one may even think, of the gray striped trousers, 144 freshmen out of some seven hundred made the choice. Student opposition to military training, then, is by no means dead; the authorities have capitulated only where they felt obliged to, and are still doing their best to discredit the rising tide of protest.

"NEVER IN MY EXPERIENCE have the editors of any State so outspokenly, unanimously, and vigorously condemned a lynching outrage as have the Virginia editors the mob murder at Wytheville," writes James Weldon Johnson of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch*. "Colored people throughout the United States," he adds, "have been much heartened by the attitude of the white press of Virginia." Nor does the Virginia press stand alone. We have seldom seen a more effective editorial upon the Ku Klux Klan than a recent comment of the Greensboro (N. C.) *Daily News* upon the reply of President Chandler of William and Mary College "to the Kluckers who presented the college with a flagpole and an American flag." Dr. Chandler, it seems, smilingly expressed his appreciation of patriotic circulars issued by the Klan in which it announced its support of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution. He quoted and elaborated upon the Declaration's assurance that all men have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, each in his own way, and the Constitution's guaranty of religious freedom, while five thousand brethren headed by the Imperial Wizard, listened. Dr. Chandler, in sum, used Klan texts to prove to the Klan that it should make of itself a sort of American Civil Liberties Union, and the Greensboro newspaper praised him for "the neatest, smoothest, and most gently subtle performance of the season." We should like to know what Northern college president or Northern newspaper editor could—and would—be at once as bold and as subtle.

YET THE OLD STORY repeats itself: the sheriff is "overpowered"; the prisoners are "whisked away"; the mob is "masked" or has blackened faces; high-powered automobiles bear the victims to the outskirts of town. Result: in Aiken, South Carolina, two men and a woman, Negroes, of course, were shot to death; and in Dover, Tennessee, one Negro met the same fate. Thus lynchings to date for 1926 reach the grand total of 24, or six more than the total for twelve months in 1925. The prisoners in South Carolina were standing trial for the murder of a sheriff a year or so ago, a murder that grew out of a raid on the Negroes' home in the course of which a Negro woman was killed. They had been convicted once; the case was appealed and the judge directed that one of the three be acquitted on the murder charge; he was then rearrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill. The "mob" that took them from the jail could not wait for ordinary justice. In this case, as in so many others, the sheriff from whom the prisoners were taken had not thought it necessary to order a special guard for them or even to remain at his post to protect them. And in spite of a fine show of determination to discover and punish the lynchers in both States, a coroner's jury in each case has already returned a verdict of death at the hands of "unknown parties." It is something if Southern newspapers now ring with fiery denunciations of lawlessness and mob action; in the old

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days they said nothing. But Southern editors and Southern legislators are still blind to the need for a federal anti-lynching law.

POOR MR. EVAN WILLIAMS! As spokesman for the coal-owners in the British mine strike he has occasion almost daily to expatiate on the unprofitableness of the coal industry. The owners cannot pay another penny in wages; look at their books—they are losing money as it is; and so on. The disrespectful Glasgow *Forward*, with fine disregard for Mr. Williams's protestations, prints certain interesting items in the financing of the Tredegar Iron and Coal Company, Ltd., the strongest combination of the fifteen different companies of which Mr. Williams is a director. The Tredegar company's capital consists of £616,000 in A ordinary and £1,115,103 in B ordinary shares. The owners of the B ordinary shares received £412,167 bonus shares in 1918 and £494,601 bonus shares in 1923. This, explains the *Forward*, means that they have subscribed only £208,335 in actual cash, but are drawing dividends on £1,115,103; for every two pounds invested they receive income on eleven. This, of course, is a not unfamiliar tale in high finance. But in view of the fattening of profits from this section of the industry, it ill becomes Mr. Williams to be quite so adamant about what the owners must and will have from the men. To an ordinary miner, trying to get along on two pounds a week, figures like these are appalling. The other day the wife of one of the striking miners fainted in the line that was waiting for food relief—fainted because of starvation; certain miners' families are reported to be obliged to live two days of every week without anything to eat; the relief committee is pleading every day for boots and clothing for the children, for food for the children. Mr. Williams would probably hint that the children would be fed if their fathers would go back to the mines. He can afford to wait.

FORTY PER CENT of all sickness in the United States could be prevented by the application of existing medical knowledge. One-half of the losses incurred in industrial accidents could be prevented through the use of known laws governing the operation of fatigue. The machinery of democratic government would not jam so often if politicians knew what political scientists know. "Engineers have asserted that technical knowledge is now available which if put to work would practically banish poverty, more than double the standard of living, turn ugly cities into noble ones, and bring the culture of the town to the countryside. Yet science for the great bulk of the population is still largely a new mysticism. Mountains of knowledge are created; mole hills of it are actually used." Thus the American Library Association in a pamphlet recently issued. The Association wonders how all this knowledge, lying quietly on the shelves of our libraries, may be awakened and put to work. The answer probably is, by advertising and propaganda. Those are ugly words chiefly because they have been used in connection with efforts to tell us things we do not need or want to know. They might become words of power in connection with a program of diffusion paid for by the government, the purpose of which would be to give all human beings under the flag the information which a few human beings have. Such a purpose would seem to be an obvious one. It is so simple and obvious, indeed, that it probably will never be conceived by any government. But we should love to see the thing tried—noting as time went on how much second-class mail still went unopened into waste-baskets.

WHEN, WE RISE TO ASK, is the San Joaquin Valley of California going to erect a statue to Andrew Volstead and establish an annual festival in commemoration of the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution? Of all the paradoxical results of prohibition certainly the effect upon the growers of wine grapes is among the most curious—and possibly instructive. Black clouds were thought to hang over California vineyards when Mr. Volstead got his famous law through Congress, but by 1920 it was evident that the clouds had a silver lining and by now it is apparent that they are raining prosperity upon California and home-made wine on the rest of the country. In 1918 California shipped 12,000 carloads of table grapes and 6,000 carloads of the wine-producing varieties; last year it shipped 15,000 carloads of table grapes and 60,000 carloads of wine grapes. This year the shipments of wine grapes are estimated at 75,000 carloads. A carload of grapes makes from 1,500 to 2,000 gallons of wine; New York City alone is thought to have made at least 25,000,000 gallons last year, or some four gallons per capita. For some time California feared that the saturation-point had been reached, but, as a writer in the *Independent* says, "it takes a vast deal of wine to saturate these United States"! The modern parable of the vineyard seems to be that nothing succeeds like prohibition.

SUPPOSE THAT YOU ARE Calvin Coolidge, the honest son of a toiling father, an American citizen devoid of artifice or elegance. You also happen to be President of the United States. That's nothing. You have found an ability to sign your name and close your mouth about all the equipment necessary for that job. Shaking hands is also important, and you have learned to do it when occasion demands. Then all of a sudden Queen Marie decides to call upon you. There is no getting out of it. She has fifty new dresses and a permanent wave, and she is arriving in Washington on October 19. She cannot call on anyone else until she has dropped around at the White House, so you might as well admit that something more than your present social equipment is demanded. You call up the State Department and ask for the chief etiquettician of the Social Usages Bureau. It's his first alarm for several years, but he springs into action at once. He puts his staff to work on their books of manners and Almanachs de Gotha, and produces for you a complete tabular report of proper clothes, gestures, order of precedence, modes of address, and procedure in the face of impending royalty. He outlines, with rare imagination, a typical day in the life of a tourist queen, including the special train, the arrival at the station, the reception committee's costume, the queen's carriage, the dress of the receiving ladies. You are advised in regard to the proper method of receiving and returning the queen's call; you discover that you had better invite her to dinner. It will be hard, but the honor of Vermont is at stake. After all, it is merely a matter of practice. Are the social customs of the court more intricate or more binding than those of the village? Probably not. They are only different. Any President can learn—with a little help from his Department of State. Let the queen come on.

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Dear Old Private Initiative

HOW many miles to the gallon are you getting? Twenty-three carbureters of standard makes were recently tested in the laboratories of Purdue University. Of these twenty-three only four could be said to adhere closely to the specifications of a scientifically satisfactory carbureter, involving suitable mixtures for idling, level-road operation, and hill-climbing. Some furnished satisfactory mixtures for only one of these classes and at only one limited range or speed; "a few of the carbureters had characteristics exactly *the opposite* of those which a reasonable specification would require." Forty per cent could not be depended upon to reproduce their performance on different occasions. Only six permitted the engine to develop its full power; eight caused a large curtailment of engine-power through unnecessary pressure-losses. "Some automobile manufacturers purchase their carbureters more on the basis of price than performance. . . . This causes not only a waste of money but unnecessarily depletes our natural fuel resources. The difference in price between the more efficient and the other carbureters tested is so small as to be negligible."

To this evidence the Federal Oil Conservation Board, in its recent report, adds that 25 per cent of the nation's gasoline consumption "could be saved and the same mileage of movement provided if there were more adequate designs of carbureters and engines." The report of the Conservation Board, composed of Secretaries Work, Hoover, Wilbur, and Davis, is a preliminary one, but it is sufficiently arresting. It supports all the principal charges which engineers have made from time to time covering the appalling waste of a priceless natural resource—and in certain particulars goes the engineers one better. On the present basis of production and consumption, with no new discoveries of oil lands, and without considering foreign fields, the United States has just *six years* of joy-riding left. Other estimates vary from ten to twenty years—none of which reckonings leave much hope for our gasoline civilization.

In 1859 the first oil well was drilled in Pennsylvania. To the close of 1925 a total of 680,000 wells had been sunk —20 per cent of which turned out to be dry holes. From the producing wells 9,000,000,000 barrels of oil have been taken—*3,000,000,000 of them in the last five years*. The 1925 production was no less than 750,000,000 barrels. The board estimates that there is a total underground supply, in the present producing fields, of 4,500,000,000 barrels. Which, divided by 750,000,000, works out to just six years. We have had new discoveries in the past, and under the law of probabilities we will get them in the future. The board expects new discoveries, but is by no means confident that they will be sufficient to maintain a production of 750,000,000 barrels annually for an unlimited period. The continental United States has already been intensively explored for oil, although science has not yet made itself completely master of the oil-divining rod. The vast South California fields were a surprise, and it is possible that other surprises lurk beneath the strata. Yet certainly we are much nearer the end of new discoveries than we were a generation ago. The range becomes increasingly limited. It is a very dubious question how much longer our luck will hold.

We produce and consume approximately 70 per cent of the world's traffic in oil. Our exports of 94,000,000 barrels are largely balanced by imports of 62,000,000 barrels—chiefly from Mexico. The total investment in the American industry is $9,500,000,000, while sales at wholesale prices last year were nearly $2,000,000,000. Despite its lordly size the industry treats its oil as a drunken sailor treats his money. Oil is found in conjunction with natural gas in deeply buried beds of sand. When the well-pipe reaches the sand, the pressure of the gas blows the oil up to the light of day. If it blows hard enough we have a "gusher," which may spout hundreds of feet in the air. If the gas can be released gradually rather than in one grand rush a very much larger fraction of the oil can ultimately be reclaimed from the sand. American practice, however, animated by the sturdy principles of self-help and free competition, favors throwing out the baby with the bath and getting all the oil it can as fast as it can, while letting the upper atmosphere take care of the gas. The board gives us Cushing Field, Oklahoma, as a case in point. For a time, the average *daily* waste of gas was 300,000,000 cubic feet, more than 100 billion feet of gas a year—the equivalent of 5,500,000 tons of coal. The same situation held at Cromwell, at Burkburnet, Texas, at Eldorado and Smackover, Arkansas, at fields in the Los Angeles basin.

For every barrel which reaches the pipe-line, from four to six remain irrevocably lost below ground. The board estimates that only 25 per cent of oil underground is recovered "by ordinary methods," and notes that some authorities claim only 18 per cent—one-sixth. Yet under proper engineering control nearly all could be reclaimed. The money loss *for a single field* due to competitive drilling—two wells side by side where only one, properly spaced, should be sunk—is assessed by the board at $200,000,000. This is at Santa Fe Springs, California, where forty-five competing companies feverishly sunk wells along each other's property-lines, blew off the gas, and "let loose an unneeded flood of oil on the market with resultant disaster to the price structure, and creating conditions of increased operating costs."

With inconceivable wastes in production, and with very great and needless losses in consumption—of which the carbureter example is but one; with a supply, so far as is now known, only good for six years in America; with our greatest neighbor-fields in Mexico approaching exhaustion and the South American fields utterly uncertain in yield; with the other foreign fields—Persia, Mesopotamia, and the rest —of the most inflammable character politically—in these grave, if not desperate circumstances, what does the board recommend?

The Federal Oil Conservation Board, composed of Secretaries Work, Hoover, Wilbur, and Davis—after making certain sensible suggestions as to the conservation of oil in the public domain during time of war—recommends that the future "must rest upon the normal commercial initiative of private enterprise." Before such passionate devotion to an outworn creed one can but remove one's hat—and think twice about ordering that new oil-burner for the furnace.

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What Every Coolie Knows

WHILE the eyes of that portion of the world which cares about China are fixed upon the squabbles and battles of her military chiefs, while the diplomats complain of her dissensions, China is acting with impressive if chaotic unity. Something real is happening—China is throwing off, one by one, the foreign shackles which have bound her. The tupans and tuchuns, generals and marshals, prime ministers and presidents who rule various parts of the ancient empire hate one another, but toward the foreigners they feel alike.

Canton ceased turning over the salt taxes of that province for the service of the foreign debt, to which they are pledged, away back in 1918. Local chieftains have occasionally done as much, and the warlord of Tientsin, favorite of the foreigners though he was, followed suit a few months ago. And now even Sun Chuang-fong, the last hope of those who fear the progress of the Southern "Red" armies, has announced that the salt revenues of his provinces will be needed for his military campaign. Canton has gone further still, issuing a new schedule of domestic taxes which the foreigners say is a violation of the treaties; and the Peking Government has announced that it will not renew its treaty with Belgium, which the foreigners also say it has no right to do. But foreign complaints are unavailing. China's very chaos is an asset in this crisis. An old Chinese proverb says that you cannot hang a jellyfish upon a nail. The foreign Powers had their chance to modify the treaties by mutual agreement; but instead they hemmed and hawed, and agreed to move a single step if the Chinese would move miles, and out of all the conferences came—except for the rendition of the Shanghai Mixed Court, where even the treaties gave the foreigners no excuse for their action—just exactly nothing.

A diplomatic training, it happens, is a poor background for dealing with a continental revolution. It prepares men to study texts and precedents, to live by the letter of the law—and in China today an ancient civilization is slipping over a precipice, and the rules by which the West had learned to deal with it are sliding too. The old treaties still exist on paper; but the conditions out of which they were born have gone forever, and there is no Western-minded government in China to devise forms to bridge the gap. The diplomats know that the old status is gone—that the regime under which foreigners dictate China's customs schedules, collect her taxes, police her rivers with their foreign navies, and govern her greatest commercial cities can at best hardly survive another decade—but they do not know enough to make concessions gracefully. Instead, they protest every violation of the old code, stand on rights that cannot be enforced, and end by making themselves as futilely ridiculous as the puppet governments which, unnoticed, succeed one another at Peking. Every tuchun in China knows that he can afford to ignore their warnings, and step by step, without concert but with striking unanimity, they act accordingly.

Some of the backward-looking business men of the treaty ports persist in demanding that the Powers follow a "strong" policy, and there is always danger that Great Britain, Japan, or France may heed the demand, and drag the United States with it into what may well become an inter-race or inter-continental war. (Japan, in such matters, still identifies herself with the white race.) The "incident" at Wanhsien, 1,200 miles up the Yangtze, where British warships bombarded the city, killing thousands, would with any people but the Chinese have been the signal for massacres in revenge—and the West, which demands both blood and money revenge when its own nationals are killed in Eastern countries, should realize that such massacres would be only application by the mob of what it applies as the ethics of diplomacy. A correspondent in Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtze, opposite Wuchang, which the Canton troops are still besieging, sends us a clipping listing the foreign warships then in port. These include one Italian, two French, and four British gunboats; a Japanese gunboat and a destroyer; an American gunboat and two American destroyers. This in the heart of China, six hundred miles from the sea. And reinforcements have since been sent. Mr. Butts of the Chicago *Daily News* reports that "the anti-foreign wave is sweeping down the Yangtze toward Shanghai"; Mr. Millard of the New York *Times* notes a new popularity for the Cantonese, who thumb their noses at the foreigners. Wherever a foreign gunboat sits in Chinese waters the Chinese coolie begins to see another irritating symbol of the treaties which claim for the white men superior rights and privileges. At any moment a spark may light in the international powder-magazine. Yet the newspapers of October 10 report the arrival of more American warships in Chinese waters, *bringing our total to fifty-two!*

Do the people of America, who annually send ten million dollars to support Christian missionaries in China, care for the people whom they seek to "save"? Do they want "Christianity" to be identified in Chinese eyes with the guns and shells of foreign warships? If they do not want their years of work to go for naught, it behooves them to make their influence felt in Washington and to force our Government to abandon its unholy alliance with the Powers which do not know that China in 1926 is not the China of Boxer days. China, for all its civil wars, knows what it wants of the foreigners; does America know what it wants of China?

A Little Poetry

PUBLISHERS have been heard to say, when they said anything about poetry at all, that a little of it goes farther with the public than a lot of it goes. Some of them would like to stop issuing it altogether, for, except in rare cases, it pays badly. A sale of five hundred copies of even an excellent volume is considered a decent sale, and many good volumes, it seems, get nowhere. Reviewers who wish to clear their shelves of books which it is not necessary to keep will toss books of verse into the ashcan rather than waste steps to carry them to the second-hand dealer—who shrugs his shoulders at sight of the thin things and, if for some reason he has to accept them in order to get the reviewer's surplus novels or biographies too, either stacks them in front of his store at ten cents apiece or shovels them back into the alley for the refuse-man next morning to take away.

But publishers have been heard to say that a little poetry may go far. They urge the poet who comes with his manuscript to reduce its size by half. The public, they know, reads poetry; it does not, they believe, read poets.

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It will absorb almost any number of anthologies wherein each poet is represented by half a dozen pieces or fewer; it clips apt bits of verse out of newspapers or magazines and pastes them in scrapbooks; it memorizes what it comes upon by chance; it keeps some of the more likable things astonishingly alive. It does not care, however, say the publishers, for the poet as a person, as an artist, as an entity. So the man with the manuscript must ride home and trim the hoofs of his Pegasus. Poetry which does not step lightly takes very few steps.

Two publishing-houses in the United States hope to make something of this situation by issuing poetry in paper-bound pamphlets selling at twenty-five cents each. "The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry" (Stokes) have so far given us portions of Shelley, Keats, Tagore, Chesterton, Belloc, and Robert Bridges; "The Pamphlet Poets" (Simon and Schuster) begin with Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, Whitman, Emerson, Nathalia Crane, and "H. D.," and intend to go on with Edna Millay, Longfellow, Poe, Emily Dickinson, Witter Bynner, and Conrad Aiken. Eight or ten pamphlets in each series are expected to appear each year, so that a good deal of ground, if all goes well, will be surveyed. We look forward with interest to the outcome of both enterprises, and hope that the publishers involved will tell us frankly, at the end of three years, how business is. There are numerous possibilities. The total number of persons who buy and read poetry may be increased. Acquaintance with thirty pages of Shelley, Marvell, Sandburg, or Emily Dickinson may stimulate an appetite for the poet's collected works. What would be more interesting still, changes may be forced in the marketing of new verse. The author who goes to the publisher with his manuscript may henceforth be met with a request for thirty pages only—and if that sample of his poetry sells, perhaps more later.

We shall see, then, how far a little poetry will go. But there is a sense in which a little poetry can be a dangerous thing. The scheme we have described falls perilously into line with Poe's famous definition of the poem as something which is short. One of the troubles with modern poetry is that it grows painfully concentrated—whereas much of the good poetry of the world has been easy and ample. Even today we are not without our ample poets. We wonder, for instance, just how much thirty pages of Whitman will accomplish. Whitman needed space, and there will hardly be enough room in the "Pamphlet Poets" for him to turn around in. Emily Dickinson can be sampled, of course, within the compass of her allotment; but only sampled. Though she wrote brief things, she wrote many of them; and all of them, or nearly all of them, are necessary for a comprehension of what she was getting at, for there were many things she had to utter with her short breath. And nothing could be more absurd than a state of mind which would refuse a hearing to writers with the dimension of Robinson Jeffers and William Ellery Leonard. "Tamar" and "Two Lives," the outstanding volumes of poetry published here last year, were not pamphlet stuff; they had length of body and height of reach such as only unlimited space can encourage. But we need not grow serious. The fortunes of poetry are singularly even, year in and year out. When the major poet of his decade comes along we undoubtedly shall make provision for him. Meanwhile we may welcome any new vehicle, even though it be a small one, for the communication of song.

Watch Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS, on January 1, will begin an experiment in compulsory automobile-liability insurance. More than a score of State legislatures toyed with the idea last year, and it will come up again in most of them this winter; Massachusetts leads the way.

The word "compulsory" is in disrepute these days, but in a traffic jam compulsion becomes necessary. Automobile-drivers do not ask freedom to travel on the left side of the road on a bad curve; license-plates, horns, headlights, tail-lights, brakes are only a part of the compulsion to which they freely submit.

Massachusetts' new law makes the protection of a car by liability insurance or bond a prerequisite to the granting of a license. It recognizes that society gives the car-owner a special privilege in permitting him to roam the streets with a dangerous machine, and in exchange for this franchise the owner must guarantee to replace life or property values injured by careless operation of his machine. Most motorists have hitherto considered liability insurance a luxury. Less than a third of American car-owners have thought it of sufficient importance to purchase. Yet millions of the cars which crowd our streets are operated by owners or instalment-buyers with no financial resources whatever. When any boy with $50 or $100 can purchase some wreck on wheels and proceed to enjoy life the problem is important. American automobiles kill twenty thousand people every year, and the record of injuries looks like a war report. When the car-owner has tangible resources or an insurance policy the sufferers may get some compensation, but the only satisfaction to be gained from a bankrupt or unprotected driver is the debtor's cell, poor recompense for an injured worker's family. Why should one man, enjoying a luxury beyond his means—and an automobile is certainly that to a man who cannot pay for the damage he may do with it—be allowed to wander dangerously over the good roads and streets for which even pedestrian taxpayers have to pay?

The only effective protest against compulsory-liability insurance comes from the insurance companies. They send forth volumes of propaganda against it, chiefly inspired by their fear of state insurance. Their only argument, apart from cheap talk about paternalism, is the claim that when automobile-owners are protected by insurance they will dash about the streets like reckless maniacs, filling the hospitals with the dead and wounded. If fear of financial responsibility were really all that kept automobile drivers in leash the drivers might better abolish these four-wheeled weapons altogether. As a matter of fact, universal automobile insurance is more likely to make the roads safer. The insurance companies will be stimulated to work for more careful licensing of drivers; and automobile-owners, fearful lest their own premiums mount, will have an added interest in supporting such a campaign. Careful investigation by the Massachusetts officials, indeed, has led them to work out a rate schedule somewhat lower than the prevailing rates for liability insurance. And when the Massachusetts experiment is well under way we may expect the insurance companies to turn somersaults as they have done before—the companies which fought compulsory workmen's-compensation insurance most bitterly are now campaigning for its adoption in the few States which are still without it.

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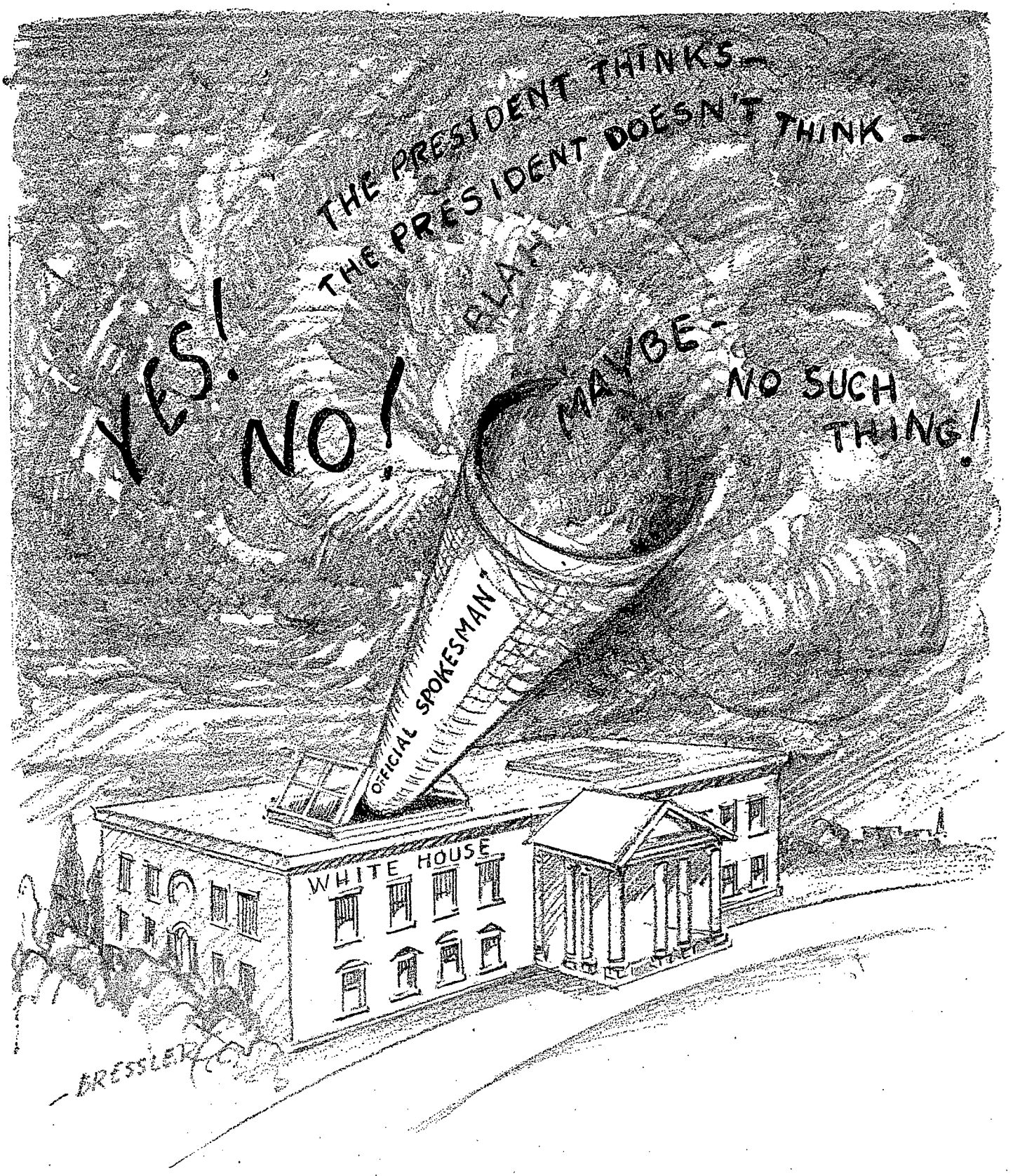

Drawn by Harry S. Bressler

Washington's Smoke Nuisance

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Is Germany Disarmed?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, August 31

IS Germany disarmed? Professor Quidde, well-known German pacifist, answers Yes, and a moment later No. "Germany," he writes, "is disarmed, completely disarmed for the purposes of a European war." On the other hand, "The political organizations of the Right are in possession of munitions, and these munitions, however unimportant they be as far as the outside world is concerned, present a serious menace to domestic peace. They are a danger to the republic."

But Franz Carl Endres, a German officer attached to the Turkish G. H. Q. during the war, who has written on military strategy for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," demands to know "why the Königsberg fortress has been reinforced with fifty-three concrete buttresses. . . . A strongly fortified Königsberg is of value only for a German attack through the Polish corridor." And F. W. Foerster, a German pacifist who finds it more convenient to live in Switzerland, declares bluntly that when Count Bernstorff announced in Geneva that Germany was totally disarmed "the German diplomat was the mouthpiece of a gigantic lie."

Dr. Foerster insists that there has been no "psychological disarmament" in Germany. But in this respect his Vaterland is certainly no different than any other country in Europe. The new name for an alliance is "neutrality treaty," and the race for armaments, in which talk about disarmament is becoming a chronic feature, continues as of yore. "When is the next war coming?" is being asked everywhere in Europe, and although the Powers may not be sufficiently recuperated from the last fracas nor well-enough equipped with newly invented weapons for the next, we are marching toward a war as directly and as blindly as in the first decade of the century.

Passing from psychology to practical armaments, and discussing the Reichswehr—the German standing army—Dr. Foerster says:

> General von Seeckt and his friends know quite definitely that their organization conforms to the newest conditions of war. They know that the neighboring states, still burdened with an expensive outmoded military apparatus, are far behind Germany, which has not disarmed but merely armed herself in a different way; she possesses an elite army of unusually high training [the term of service in the Reichswehr is twelve years] which, with the aid of civil Fascist organizations, gains ever greater control over the entire population and can therefore elastically adapt the mass of the people to new war methods.

Many of Foerster's assertions find support in a detailed study of the Reichswehr's organization issued by the German League of the Rights of Man. Compiled by E. J. Gumbel, of the philosophical faculty of Heidelberg, and by Major General Schoenaich, who turned pacifist after twenty-seven years in the old German army, the publication arrives at the conclusion that Germany's present armed force is a "shadow" of the pre-1914 imperial army in that its subdivisions and distribution throughout the country are a replica in miniature of the ante-bellum arrangement. The Reichswehr, moreover, is analyzed as a cadre so constituted as to enable it easily to accept into its ranks many times its own number of men. The recruits are available—Quidde puts their strength at 2,000,000—and have received training either surreptitiously in the Reichswehr at government expense or in Racialist-Nationalist associations such as the Consul, Stahlhelm, Werwolf, Viking, Olympia, Young German Order, etc.

The authors of this brochure admit that the "shadow" which they have detected would be of no significance in a large European war. Here they differ with Foerster and one is inclined to credit their judgment rather than his. "But," they add, "it is important first for small developments (against Poland, say, or Czecho-Slovakia), and then for the suppression of every political opposition in Germany."

The Reichswehr, the nucleus of the "shadow," is limited by the Versailles Treaty to a strength of 100,000. It counts more officers and non-commissioned officers than privates. And it is anti-republican. Dr. Gessler, Minister of National Defense, admitted in a speech in the Reichstag on May 28, 1925, that his army was not "an army of republicans" and intimated that the reason lay in the circumstance that the Reichswehr had been constructed on the basis of the old, pre-war officer corps. The German army of today is the haven of refuge of the remnants of imperial Prussian militarism.[1] We have direct and circumstantial evidence to prove that before being enrolled in the Reichswehr men are examined as to their political views. The final decision as to the fate of the applicant lies with the regimental, sometimes with the company, commanders. Outspoken friends of the republic find the door closed.

Theodor Wolff, the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has even advocated the abolition of the Reichswehr "as unsuitable to a republican state" and the substitution of a popular militia in place of an ominous military caste. But the professional army system is imposed by the Versailles Treaty. This Versailles-born Reichswehr is an expensive affair. Its budget figures are:

1924.....	351	million marks,
1925.....	410	" "
1926.....	481	" "

as compared with 984 millions for the Kaiser's army in 1913. If it be necessary to remember that the present mark is worth only 60 pre-war pfennigs we must also consider that one-fifth of the Germany of 1913 is now either ceded to the Allies or occupied by Allied troops, and that many sectors of the German frontier may not be fortified. And when Dr. Gessler argues that "the Versailles Treaty provides for three cavalry divisions, we would be happy to have less," he mistakes the fact. The treaty merely says that Germany may not have more than seven infantry and three cavalry divisions.

An impartial expert would say that the German army

[1] In September Prince William, son of the ex-Crown Prince, illegally participated in the Reichswehr maneuvers. Minister Gessler and the entire Cabinet demanded and, on October 6, obtained that President Hindenburg accept the proffered resignation of General von Seeckt, who was responsible. —Editor *The Nation*.

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could defeat Poland in a war if no other Power intervened. There are, in fact, nationalistic circles who would feel their life's mission fulfilled on the day such a struggle broke out. The age of localized, two-nation conflicts, however, is probably gone forever. The European organism is so delicately attuned, its several parts are so closely interlaced by economic interests and political pacts, that the slightest disorder in one section would throw the whole body out of gear. And armies will be mere auxiliaries in the war of the future. Have we not been told that the chemical laboratory, the wireless station, the airplane, and industrial capacity and economic resistance will play the chief roles in coming struggles among nations? Even that most efficient nuisance and busybody, the Allied Military Control Commission, can no more prevent Germany from making preparations in such fields than it can induce the German national mind to accept the idea of general disarmament while the whole world continues to arm. Germany, then, is an important factor in the problem of European disarmament.

All Europe is arming, many nations with greater speed and intensity than Germany. None is privileged to begin casting stones. But whereas the war closed on a ruined German army, and subsequently Germany lost her navy; whereas a corps of detectives, operating under the name of Allied Control Commission, sought to unearth secret stores of arms and ammunition, and to dismantle all factories fitted for armament manufacture, this most ambitious international effort to reduce a state to a military nonentity has failed.

The foisting of a Reichswehr instead of a militia on Germany helped toward the failure; the Ruhr invasion was an impetus toward the formation and strengthening of illegal, chauvinist, semi-military formations; the humiliating tactics of the Entente kept alive the spirit of hate; the failure of the Allies to destroy Germany's chemical and steel industries contributed; but, finally, no nation living in the armed camp which is Europe today could fail to want to arm itself.

If Europe had wished to disarm, it might have seized the opportunity in 1919 or 1920 when Germany was practically a military zero and when she could not dream of rearming herself. Nothing was done then, and now it may be too late.

France and Her Politicians

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Baden-Baden, September 20

"POINCARÉ can save the franc, but he won't." This is the verdict of competent Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Germans with whom I have talked since Poincaré formed his cabinet of ex-premiers. They point out that France's financial situation is not hopeless; that her debt is not nearly so large, if reckoned in pre-war francs, as people suppose; that there is still practically no unemployment; that American tourists alone left $220,000,000 in France last year and will leave more this year; again that the depreciation of the franc has helped France's export trade and has made foreign competition less to be feared; that the practical ending of the Moroccan war has curtailed that drain upon the budget. Yet the verdict still is that Poincaré will not save the franc.

Why? Primarily, it is said, because he has not pegged the franc, because he has deprived himself of foreign banker aid by failing to put through the ratification of the American and British debt agreements, and because the new taxes will not result in materially larger collections—many Frenchmen say that if they paid the taxes for which they are liable they would have nothing left, and they will not consent to suffer. It is held that the immediate announcement of a pegging of the franc at 25 or 36 or 40 to the dollar would have gone far to stabilize it, particularly if it were known that the gold reserve of the Bank of France would be drawn upon. But the eminent financiers with whom I and other journalists have talked are convinced that Poincaré has overstayed his hour, has lost the psychological and financial moment. His economies in the various government departments, his cutting the corps of army officers by 4,000 temporary and permanent men, his abolition of 176 sub-prefecture officials, his orders as to food restriction—all of these impress no one as serious or likely to make any considerable dent in the budget.

Despite the marked improvement in the franc's position the best-informed financiers believe that this is only a temporary phenomenon and that by November Poincaré will be once more face to face with a serious exchange situation despite the fact that he has no large internal debt payments to meet until the new year. There is a rumor that a life-line will be thrown to him in the form of a loan by Dutch bankers, privately indorsed by some distinguished American financial firms, with the cognizance and approval of the Treasury Department in Washington, but as yet there is nothing to confirm this. It is known, too, that the Germans would like to help stabilize the franc—upon profitable terms—not only because of the prestige it would give them but because the collapse is the most serious danger now confronting the reparations officials and the German Government. It is, of course, quite possible that the conversation between Briand and Stresemann at Thoiry will result in Germany's paying to France for the things she wishes most such a price—the freeing of Germany from all foreign garrisons, abandonment of the Saar plebiscite, the return of Eupen and Malmedy, a colonial mandate, etc., etc.—that the result will be a tremendous gain for French finance. Yet even that will not save her.

If Poincaré wins some financial stability and a further delay in facing the inevitable in this way, his will be a lucky star. The truth is that on his actual record he does not deserve such help. He has not followed the program of the Economic Commission; he has adopted only some of the Caillaux reforms. With every day there is increasing doubt as to his Parliament's accepting either the British or American debt agreements; the latter stands no chance of acceptance without reservations. The tables are to be turned on the United States Senate—the American device of reservations is to be utilized, with what result in Washington anyone can guess for himself.

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But by all means let us give even a Poincaré his due. In June men in high official positions were privately saying that September would be a good month for tourists to keep out of France. They talked of another dictatorship in Europe—one of the best known of the English war statesmen said the other day that within two years there would be only one democracy left on the Continent as the net result of the war to safeguard democracy. They even speculated as to how the French dictator would appear, and refused to alter their opinions when you asked them to name anyone who could assume the role. "A dictator walks in as unexpectedly as did Primo de Rivera," was their usual reply. But September has come and France is as peaceful as Delaware or Ohio—one could as soon expect a rising in the streets of New York or Philadelphia. As the summer flood of English and American tourists recedes, such friction as there was decreases—how, by the way, would New Yorkers like to have about 500,000 foreigners overrun their streets so as to make French and German more often heard on Fifth Avenue than English? France at the middle of September is quiet, hard-working, minding its own business. Doubtless the French do not like to notice that the franc has begun to fall again, but they are happy that it is no worse. The summer breathing spell has been welcome. The tremendous crowd which greeted with cheers Briand's arrival in Paris from Geneva shows that the public is not indifferent to what has happened, that it is ready to bury the hatchet with its oldest and once most dangerous enemy.

When the French Parliament meets there will again be heard the demand that the national legislature be done away with or hamstrung as Mussolini has done to the Italian. We shall hear echoes of this in the United States. It is the fashion to say that parliamentary government has everywhere broken down. Has it really? Or are the parliamentarians rather than the system to blame?

Idols Behind Altars

By ANITA BRENNER

I

THE old conflict between church and state in Mexico having come to a head, much foolish babble has been emitted about a "religious uprising" in consequence of "religious persecution." But, aside from the economic consequences of an economic-political struggle, nothing has occurred beyond some rioting in places where the church or chapel of some locally revered image has been garrisoned with soldiers to prevent thievery during the absence of the striking priests. The apathy of the millions of native Roman Catholics to arm themselves and fight the battle of the church excites comment only outside of Mexico, where church and Catholicism often seem identical and the doubtful orthodoxy of the Indians a sensational revelation. This is not, however, the suddenly discovered and cheaply mystic "return of Quetzalcoatl." For Quetzalcoatl, like the Mexican Indian, is in no need of resurrection; he has always enjoyed fairly good health.

Quetzalcoatl, Jesus Christ, Coatlicue, the Lady of Guadalupe, Huitzilopochtli, Tlaloc, St. James—they are all blurred together and often identified with one another. Consciously and unconsciously, they are all accepted with equal reverence. No one can say just where the line of differentiation is to be drawn. There is many a secret temple that no Christian priest has ever penetrated; in the yearning Catholic soul of the Indian worshiper many a secret corner remains unbaptized. The idols squat upon their altars, in mountain caves, inside of churches, under and within the very crucifixes, with their placid, enigmatic smiles, and tributes at their feet. Flowers, fruit, bright ribbons and papers, incense, hot food, the hearts of animals, and, it is whispered, the hearts of men. Dances, ceremonies, religious pilgrimages, performed in the name of Christ and also to Texcatlipoca—these are things any discreet stranger who has eyes may see.

On the top of an out-of-the-way mountain, not far from the capital of Mexico, two or three of us out for a gallop discovered a little stone chapel. It was made entirely of pieces of volcanic rock, heaped on top of one another. Across the door hung a white fringe of the tender strips from the heart of *maguey* leaves. Inside there was a stone cross with a most unorthodox face carved in the middle. All around, on the rocks, were little pools of thickish water, full of lumps of *copal*, the native incense; bunches of dried flowers, and, on the edges, candle grease and burned-out wicks. The bushes were looped to one another with streamers of white lace or muslin, and there were similar streamers on the cross. At a little distance from the chapel we found a wide, cleared space, just like a fairy-story witches' ring. On the surface of the earth were fragments of clay sculptures, all alike and of apparently contemporary clay. They were torsos and sexual symbols of the goddess of fertility. We were interrupted in our work of exploration by a mumbling Indian charcoal-burner, who told us that the neighborhood was dangerous.

"A soldier," he stated, "who came up here once fell down at the foot of the hill and broke his neck."

In the patio of a church in an Indian village, also not far from the capital, I found a fairly large stone idol. Its head had once been broken off and placed on again. Around the base of its pedestal grew *calabazas*, the plant identified in Indian folk-tales as especially the property of the rain or nature gods. On the *calabaza* leaves I found traces of dried candle grease, of *copal*, and, scattered around, bunches of red flowers tied with red and green yarn, the colors of the nature gods. In the courtyard itself was a deep, square pool, stagnant. This was a village in which there is no water. I asked one of the Indians if the pool were a reservoir. He said No; nobody drank water out of it. They went to a spring in the mountains, about a mile away, or got it from a shallow pool in the plaza. I asked him what the stone figure was, and he said it was an idol. He also said it belonged to the priest, who had it there "just for curiosity, to look at on Sundays when he came to say mass."

During the celebration of the Virgen de Guadalupe, whose shrine occupies the same place as did that of Tinonantzin, the mother of the gods and whose fiesta is

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made in the same season as was that of Tinonantzin and some of the nature gods, who also haunted those particular hills, the Indians dance not only in the churchyard but at the very foot of the Lady's altar. I once asked them why they stopped at sundown. "In order to let the Little Mother sleep," was the answer.

There is a village near the city of Queretaro where idols are still made, a friend of mine assures me. The place is famous for its witch-doctors. This same friend tells me that once a native woman of that place had an idol, and she wanted the priest to bless it. My friend is a devout Catholic.

"She knew the priest would not be likely to approve of the idol," he explains, "so this woman put the idol, which was not very large, in a vase of flowers and took the flowers to have the priest bless them. Which he did."

II

"The Indians are not Christians," says Dr. Nicolás Leon, head of the department of anthropology in the National Museum of Mexico, who has spent many years among the native peoples. "They do not understand what the priests say, and they do not want to understand."

But an Aztec woman, whose village and family preserve to an unusual extent the old traditions, told me it was this way: "Before the conquest the idols were adored. They were worshiped with offerings and were given to eat the hearts of children. This was done whenever they wanted to ask for a miracle. The idols would then do their miracles. They worshiped them as much as if they were God. As if they were all God. They took them many things, and fruits, and incense, and *copal*, and they prayed to them like we do to the saints.

"The saints came in," she continued, "with the conquest. They destroyed the idols, and the belief in images and saints began to be used. The Popocatepetl made a great eruption because he was jealous. But he is contented now, and asleep. This explosion killed many decent people." ("Decent" is the Indian description of a man in city clothes.)

Her version is significant. Today the feasts that were made to the wind and rain gods are made to the wind and rain saints; the dances of the harvest goddess have become the dances of the miraculous harvest Virgen. One miraculous Christ is the patron of the conjurers. It is all very simple, done with the simplicity of long habit; for the Indian has no need of comic-opera gesture to reassure himself. It is habit perhaps fearful, perhaps meaningless, to many. Of the meaning there is no proof. There are only tales.

I heard a few in Milpa Alta. Milpa Alta is a tiny village in the Valley of Mexico. It kneels at the foot of a series of mountains the nearest of which is the volcanic Teutli, revered as the lord spirit who watches over the village. A gray, harsh, sorrowful place. The narrow rock streets stumble toward the maize-fields, stoop back to themselves and down. And with the night Milpa Alta becomes a thick, uncompromising, menacing gray, with splotches of black. There is no water. After two days—picturesque, fascinating, but uncomfortable and surely unhygienic days—my courtesy weakened and I asked Manuela-Tzin, my old Indian hostess, why there was no water. She finished lighting her daily candle to the Holy Virgin, who occupied the niche above my straw sleeping-mat, and came and squatted very close to me.

"There is no water because the lord Teutli will not permit it," she said slowly. "We have only the small amount to drink that we keep in the fountain in the plaza after the rains. This comes from the country of the Virgen. But neither she nor the Old Man Teutli will allow water, because they say that if we have it we will prosper, and that means that strangers will come to Milpa Alta and cause it damages." (A stranger is any man who is not an Indian. A city Mexican is quite as much a foreigner as is an American.) "They will cause damages," said Manuela-Tzin, "with their money and their machines, and the Virgen and the Old Man Teutli have agreed that they do not want noise or automobile accidents here."

Manuela-Tzin, fumbling at the fire with her bony arm, dropped suddenly from her erratic Spanish into the native Nahuea: "You may not have heard about the three men who came to Milpa Alta. They asked, like you, where the water was. We said, There is no water.

" 'How, there is no water? Certainly there is water!' and they lifted up that heavy rock over there in the plaza, and the water came out and ran in the streets. We drank of it and took some home. They said to us and they said to the witches: 'If you want water always, you must take two little boys and two little girls, four bastard children, and give them to the water. Throw them in his mouth and he will swallow them, and he will then give you water.'

"But the lord Teutli forbids it," insisted Manuela-Tzin. "He says that he will erupt if strangers come to Milpa Alta. The Virgen, Tinonantzin, our Little Mother of Jesus, she says also she won't have it. She says she would go away to her own country behind the Popocatepetl. And she would not come back. And, anyway, we couldn't find four bastard children."

III

I told the story, faithfully as it is here, to Dr. Beyer, one of the leading archaeologists of Mexico, and he quoted the scientist Lumholtz, writing in 1905: "Father Hunt Cortes, who has lived many years among these Indians [he refers to the Nahuas or Aztecs around Mexico City, in the same district where is Milpa Alta], told me that still today children are sacrificed to Tlaloc, that they throw them in the lake of Texcoco, and that the same custom is observed in Xochimilco and in Chalco."

"And I wish," said Dr. Beyer, soberly, "I wish I knew how much truth there is in the Tlaloc stories I have been hearing lately." I heard them too. Tlaloc was the chief of the rain gods, and the season of his sacrifices and those of the Tlaloque, his brothers and sisters, began in late December, just before the rains, and lasted until the rains were well in—January, February, March, April. Then began sacrifices so that they might not send too much. The great shrine of this god and his sister, Macuil Xochitl, the goddess of spring, was near the village of Tlaloc, also on the high central plateau. "I have found," said Dr. Beyer, "in the woods and caves around there curious heaps of stones, newly built, with wreaths of flowers and ribbons, sometimes with small animals on them."

I went with the same story to Dr. Leon, and he said, warningly: "Folk-lore is not a healthy amateur sport for unoccupied young ladies."

But nothing has ever happened. The Indians are naive, gentle people. They will share their last corn-cake with you, they will give you a place to sleep. You are safe, as

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safe as in your metropolitan apartment. And almost as powerless as if you were in your metropolitan apartment, if you are looking to learn the things strangers do not know. The Indians do not welcome literary or scientific investigation. To them it is bare of pompous title and becomes impolite prying. They will speak little about themselves, rarely about their beliefs. If they like you, they will want to feed you all the time. That is their only effort at communication. Their attitude, if persistently or stupidly questioned, becomes one of passive, suave idiocy. Occasionally they grow sullen. And when they are goaded into action their justice is swift, smooth, silent, terrible.

Not long ago, Dr. Beyer told me, it was rumored that a German youth went to Tlaloc, accompanied by two guides, on the scent of the Tlaloc and Macuil Xochitl suspicions.

"What is in the caves?" the Indians repeated his questions easily. "Oh, nothing, *señor*. Pretty flowers."

"What do we do in the caves?" They blinked slowly and scratched at the backs of their heads. "Why, nothing, *señor*. We are poor and must make corn grow in the fields. We cannot play in the caves."

"What is the big rock in the shape of a man? Why, *señor*, we don't know. Only the white people, educated like you, know about these things. They know everything. They in the United States, I have heard, are all educated and all rich. They eat white bread. There are so many people that, I have heard, soon the United States will go over into its neighbor, Russia, and take her lands."

"Russia is not next to the United States? Why, *señor*, truly I wish we had schools so we might know as much as you. But we are poor and ignorant little Indians, your servants, *señor*."

"Feasts in those caves? Oh, no," they all laughed together at the idea. "Those are things of the ancients. All of that passed with the revolution."

The young man procured a horse and went alone to the Tlaloc mountain, at whose foot lies the great stone monolith of that god. He gauged the time for the sacrifices accurately, basing himself on the chronicles of the early friars. He never returned.

"A young fellow with pale eyes, *señor*?" they said to inquiries. "Why, yes, *señor*, he passed our way. He told us that the United States are very rich and that soon they would take Russia to make more room." An old fellow snuffled wonderingly.

"Where did he go, *señor? Pues*, we do not know. Over there . . . " An arm gestured a vague half-circle. "Over the mountains . . . "

"Do you think, *señor*, that the *Americanos* from the United States will come to take our lands too?"

The Socialization of Medicine

By JOSEPH KRIMSKY

A TOPIC of constant and serious discussion wherever medical men foregather is the prevalent and fast-growing abuse of dispensaries and hospitals by patients of means. Hospital authorities seek to impress their donors with the tremendous volume of work accomplished in their institutions and they do not bother seriously with investigating the financial status of their applicants. The patients follow the human instinct of getting something for nothing and the doctors fall over one another in the scramble for hospital and dispensary appointments. Meanwhile, as more and more new institutions are erected, the situation is becoming aggravated from year to year.

What is the remedy?

I have studied, talked, and written about this matter for years and I have come to the following conclusion: Hospitals and dispensaries must be redeemed from the thraldom of charity and placed on the same basis as public schools, high schools, and State-controlled universities. Institutional treatment of disease is becoming more and more the dominant factor in modern medicine. There we have the scientifically equipped laboratories, the splendid operating rooms, the costly and complicated X-ray and other equipment, the spacious and sanitary wards, the system and facilities of the modern clinic, the cooperation and team-work of the various special departments.

Take the rapidly spreading custom of undergoing periodic examinations as a means of preventing the insidious onset of disease. The wealthy patient runs the gantlet of internist, oculist, neurologist, X-rayologist, dentist, laryngologist, and other specialists; the pyramiding accumulation of bills works no hardship on his purse. The very poor patient goes to the clinic and gets the same series of examinations, frequently by the same or similar experts, and it does not cost him a penny. The middle-class patient, and he constitutes the vast bulk of our clientele, either sacrifices some of his bank account and is referred from specialist to specialist, paying as he goes along, or he sacrifices some of his self-respect and patronizes the charity clinic.

More and more as time goes on you find the middle-class citizen in the latter category. His answer is that private treatment, which today means treatment by different specialists, is getting beyond his means. Formerly his wife was delivered of her babies by the family doctor for a very moderate fee. Now she must have a specialist, an obstetrician, who charges a royal ransom. So she goes into the hospital ward and has her specialist for nothing or for a merely nominal fee, besides receiving the benefits of modern hospital care and highly trained nursing for herself and her new-born baby.

When the middle-class citizen was a boy he had his tonsils taken out by the old reliable family doctor for a mere pittance, but now Jimmy's tonsils and adenoids require the services of a specialist whose fee is a month's income. So Jimmy goes to the hospital, pays for a night's lodging, and the same specialist does the work for him and for fifteen other children in one afternoon without charging a cent.

The specialist is thrusting the family physician into desuetude. He is making him as obsolete as the one-hoss shay. But the specialist has had to pay heavily for his training. He has a high office-overhead. The private patient must pay for all that. The hospital patient in the wards pays a nominal fee or nothing. The dispensary patient, and his name is legion, pays nothing also. The

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private patient must foot the bill. The rich man does it easily, if not gladly. The salaried man, the pater familias of moderate income, the decent wage-earner—they also do it until an unusually prolonged or serious illness, or a spell of unemployment or business depression or perhaps a strike drives them to the doors of the charity dispensary or hospital. After that they become regular patrons. They get the best service for nothing and no questions asked. So they send their friends and neighbors.

Cases like diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and other contagious diseases are best taken care of in hospitals. Operations, even of a minor nature, are coming to be performed almost exclusively in hospitals. The field of the private office is being more and more encroached upon. The progress and development of medicine and surgery and the numerous specialties lay stress on preventive measures and accentuate the institutional study and treatment of disease.

It is almost impossible nowadays to make a scientific diagnosis without the aid of the bacteriological and serological laboratory to be found in every well-equipped hospital. If you go into a ward and study the chart of the average patient you will be astounded at the large number of special examination reports incorporated in that chart. There is the X-ray and the blood test and the urine analysis and numerous other microscopical and chemical examinations, not to mention the long line of specialists who have investigated the patient's heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, eyes, and so on. All that is essential in the modern scientific diagnosis and treatment of disease. And all that can best and most thoroughly be accomplished in the well-equipped hospital and clinic.

I return to my original premise. The hospital and clinic must be transferred from the realm of charity and placed under the control and support of the community. An objection will be raised that this will involve politics, that it will mean paternalism. It happens that the same objection is raised and the same cry is sounded whenever public and private interests clash. The end that I seek to advocate is the socialization of medical institutions which means ultimately and inevitably the socialization of medicine, the dedication of the medical profession to public service as an agency of the community, the members of the profession serving as public officials into whose care is intrusted not alone the cure of the sick but the far vaster function of teaching health, preventing disease, and guiding the community from childhood to advanced old age in the path of right and healthy living.

I am aware that my colleagues will oppose this plan. So did Canute oppose the onward sweep of the tide. You cannot check the rush of your patients to the clinics and hospitals. You are giving them better and more efficient service there than you can in your private offices.

Why not make the community pay you for your services in decent salaries rather than try to take it out of a rapidly dwindling private clientele? Is it beneath your dignity to be officers and employees of the public? Some of you are timid about the influence of politics on such a plan. An organized medical profession aiming at scientific advancement and having the public interests as its goal will always have the public backing against any sinister political influences.

Will such a plan entail material sacrifices on the part of the medical profession? Recently I received a confidential report of a physicians' loan society and I was appalled at the number of needy doctors who, after many years of active and faithful practice, found it necessary to apply for loans in order to tide themselves over financial difficulties. Another report gives startling figures on the number of applicants to a home for aged physicians. The average income of the average doctor is hardly anything to boast of. He surely does not shine in the income-tax reports. He would be far better off with a regular and assured income, with the chance of promotion after certain periods of service, and with a comfortable pension on retirement.

I am not speaking for the high-priced practitioner. There will always be plenty of wealthy patients to support him in the luxury to which he and his wife have become accustomed. But you and I, representing 95 per cent of the medical fraternity, have nothing to lose and everything to gain by swapping the present competitive system of medical practice for a public-health service in which competition will be purely that of merit, in which our scientific work will not be hampered by the growing spirit of commercialism. Competition may be the life of trade, but medicine is a scientific pursuit that should be set free from the pursuit of the dollar. That can only be attained by doing for the health of the community what we have already partly done for its education. Hospitals and clinics should be civic, not charity institutions. The physicians working in these institutions should receive ample salaries, commensurate with their training and years of service. The right to specialize should be accorded only to those who have passed satisfactory tests and should not carry with it the privilege of more than a proportionate increase of income.

The domain of public health is gradually and irresistibly extending its scope and influence. Years ago it limited itself to vaccination and to the isolation of contagious cases. Today it cares for the teeth, eyes, and throats of our school-children. It opens cardiac clinics to stem the advance of heart disease. It carries on a successful warfare against consumption. It establishes centers for the treatment of venereal disease and other centers for the care and feeding of infants. It has entered the lists in the fight against cancer and diabetes.

The public is awakening to the realization that the great problems of preventive medicine can only be solved by the State, using the individual physician as its officer, its agent, its employee. And, furthermore, the public is learning that in order to fight and vanquish disease you require a great number of well-equipped research laboratories, you need the combined efforts of radiologist, diagnostician, clinician, surgeon, and trained nurse. You need team-work and competent supervision. All these essentials can be secured not in the office of the average, competitive, private practitioner, struggling against odds for a livelihood, but in the modern, efficient, thoroughly equipped hospital and clinic. That is the natural outgrowth of industrial, mechanical, and scientific advancement.

The public health is the foundation underlying the happiness and power of the people. Every man, woman, and child, poor or rich, is entitled and should be free to secure the very best care and treatment that medical science can administer. I *am* my brother's keeper, and his illness, his incapacity affects me and affects the entire community in a hundred different ways.

What about the cost of this system of socialized medi-

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cine which I am advocating? Can the State shoulder the burden? Well, the State is paying much more dearly now. Figure it all up in dollars and health. Add up the millions spent on quackery, on tons of health-undermining patent medicines, the hosts of victims of preventable diseases or of diseases curable if nipped in the bud by timely and scientific diagnosis and treatment. Count up the cost of reduplication and waste in private practice, in charity drives and charity management.

Philanthropy in the field of medical practice has had its innings. It has rendered wonderful humanitarian work. It has created institutions of incalculable public value. It has brought us to the era of state-control and state-maintenance. The pasteurized-milk stations started by a philanthropist years ago have now become the public-health centers of the community.

So shall it be with the charity clinics and hospitals. They shall become public-health centers dedicated to rich and poor alike for the maintenance of health and for the prevention and cure of disease. Today this will be decried as extremely radical. Twenty-five years hence it will be orthodox creed.

Are Farm-Land Speculators Entitled to Pity?

By BENJAMIN C. MARSH

THE agricultural plant of the nation is not only overdeveloped but grossly overcapitalized and most inefficiently run. This is not exclusively the fault of the individual farmers, and it is not the purpose of this article to assess blame but to appraise causes and suggest remedies.

There cannot be prosperity for agriculture so long as farmers continue to operate the present agricultural plant, even as inefficiently as at present, and with so relatively small a yield compared to the possibilities.

The McNary-Haugen bill, designed to enable farmers to dump the surplus of certain products abroad and apportion the losses pro rata on the producers so as to make the tariff effective on domestic consumption, would—if it worked—cause such a surplus of the crops involved as to break the market. It was quite natural that representatives of our great industrial competitor nations favored it, for the obvious reason that it would reduce materially the living costs of their factory workers.

L. C. Gray and O. E. Baker of the Agricultural Department, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and Raphael Zon of the Forestry Service, after a most exhaustive study, reported in a publication of the department, "The Utilization of Our Lands for Crops, Pasture, and Forage," that with our present methods of production the maximum domestic population that can be maintained by the products of American soil is 350,000,000, "while on the basis of the German requirements in per capita acreage it would be about 519,000,000." Our present population is about 117,000,000. Representative William R. Wood of Indiana bluntly stated on the floor of the House this spring, after referring to the cheap land and generally cheaper money costs of production in Canada, Australia, the Argentine, and New Zealand: "Students of the agricultural economic situation have no hesitation in predicting that the American farmers' foreign markets are rapidly and surely reaching the vanishing-point because of these conditions." With present costs of production of most farm products that is true except as to cotton.

During the year ended June 30, 1925, the value of crude foodstuffs, food animals, and manufactured foodstuffs exported was 22.2 per cent of the value of all exports, but it dropped this last year to 16.8 per cent. Incidentally the value of semi-manufactures and manufactures exported was last year 54.6 per cent of the value of all exports, as compared with 38.5 per cent in 1925. Farmers are told to wait till the population of the United States grows, i. e., that agricultural prosperity depends upon immigration and a speeding up of the activities of the American stork. Labor is strong enough to prevent any marked increase of immigration and the slogan "Fewer and better babies" seems to have a wider appeal than the plight of the farmer.

In 1923 the cotton crop was 45.5 per cent below full yield per acre; 14.7 per cent of the wheat acreage was abandoned and the yield was 29.2 per cent below full, while the yield of potatoes was 22 per cent below a full yield. A full or "normal" crop would have ruined every producer. The Department of Agriculture estimated the annual crop loss from drought, flood, pest, etc., at over $2,500,000,000 on the basis of the prices of the reduced harvest. It is only calamity to many farmers which permits any profit for the rest.

The farm plant is nearly as much overcapitalized as it is excessive in acreage. Much emphasis has been laid upon the distress of agriculture due to the deflation in the selling price of farm lands since 1920. What are the facts about the inflation of the selling price of farm lands from 1900 to 1920 to which little reference is made? In the decade 1900 to 1910 the value of farm lands (including irrigation, ditching, orchards, and all farm real estate except buildings) increased by $15,417,566,000, or 118.1 per cent. In the decade 1910 to 1920 this value of farm lands increased by $26,353,880,000, or 92.5 per cent, and was in 1920 $54,829,563,000. During this same decade the assessed value of taxable land in New York City, known as the Paradise of Land Speculators, increased by $1,701,019,000, or only 58.6 per cent, and was in 1920 $4,606,220,000.

In other words, the so-called "value" of farm lands in 1920 was nearly twelve times the value of taxable land in the richest city in the world, while the actual farm population was only about five times the population of New York City. There was more "watered stock" in the "value" of farm lands in 1920 than in the railroads and all other public utilities combined, and there still is billions of dollars' worth of "watered stock" in the valuation of farm lands. Of course the "value" of farm lands fell after 1920—the amount was $17,069,463,000, or 31.1 per cent. In spite of this reduction the 1925 value of farm lands, $37,769,099,000, was $9,284,424,000, or 32.6 per cent higher than the value in 1910, an average increase of $1,459 for every farm in the United States.

Consider the tragic plight of the Corn Belt land speculators of Iowa, Illinois, and Nebraska. In 1925 35.1 per

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cent of the 566,825 farms in these three States were operated by tenants. In 1910 the value of farm land was $7,506,924,000. It jumped to $15,259,539,000 in 1920, and dropped to $9,523,835,000 in 1925. In spite of the drop the average of land value per farm in 1925 was $16,802, which was $3,558 more than in 1910, while the average value of all land in farms was $89.97 per acre in these three States, compared with $40.80 per acre for the United States.

The United States Department of Agriculture reports that in 1925 land rent was 23 per cent of the cost of producing corn, 26.9 per cent of the cost of producing wheat, and 27.5 per cent of the cost of producing oats. It also reports that in 1925 $1,127,000,000, or 9.1 per cent of the gross income of all farmers, was paid by tenant farmers as rent to non-operators. That year 38.1 per cent of all farms were operated by tenants and the value of such farms was a little over one-third of the total, so on the most conservative estimate about $3,400,000,000 was the rent charge for farms in 1925, or 28.2 per cent of the gross income of all farmers. Land values were 76.2 per cent of all farm real estate.

An almost superfluous evidence of our national stupidity with respect to agriculture was the entry of about 150,000,000 acres of homestead lands from 1911 to 1924, chiefly in Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Idaho. The federal Government has done its best—or worst—to make agriculture unprofitable.

Mr. Bean [*The Nation*, September 8] is quite justified in designating the farmers' recovery as "temporary." But why call it "recovery"? Every domestic and nearly every foreign cause which produced the recent agricultural slump is effective now. Most owner farmers are as desirous for another land boom as ever. This very year vast additional tracts are being opened up to production through the completion of irrigation projects, which means more domestic competition for the domestic market. It was the too rapid paralleling of railroads to the Pacific Coast, with our land policy and a plentiful supply of low-subsistence immigrants for industry, which was largely responsible for the development of our agricultural plant at least half a century too early. The railroads still want large crops near their lines and the feeders thereof to increase their tonnage.

Will the American people consent to guarantee a return upon present farm-land "values" without limiting prices of farm products? A large part of these "values" do not represent "actual prudent investment." Some are not actual investment at all, and much of the actual investment was highly imprudent and equally improvident. Under our present taxing system for State and local purposes every increase in the selling price of farm products is capitalized into the selling price of farm lands and makes the lot of the farmer at least that much harder, but a movement is now under way in the West and Northwest to persuade the Government to stabilize farm values and pay off part of the mortgage debt on farms, amounting to about eight billion dollars.

The underlying determinant of our farm policy, however, is that we are becoming an industrialist nation, and manufacturers and bankers are determined to secure raw material cheap. The industrial vote is much greater than the purely agricultural and will keep on increasing. The "farm bloc" has disintegrated. Under the leadership of Senator Capper the locks of that Samson have been shorn. The most significant fact about agriculture is that the war and post-war deflation have shown that it can't be conducted profitably as an individual speculation.

The National Grange and the American Farm Bureau Federation, hitherto strongly individualistic and "agin" the Government's doing anything more than police duty and giving advice and credit to farmers, actually indorsed the McNary-Haugen principle of a government farm export corporation. That is the most significant thing in American agricultural history. The tears of farm deflation have washed away the slogan of *laissez-faire* from the portals of the American Temple of Agriculture, and farmers have asked—of course, the impossible—that agriculture have "equal tariff protection" with other industries and that something be done to make it work.

A national policy must be worked out for agriculture. Farm landowners have secured close to one and three-quarter billions of dollars in mortgage loans at non-commercial rates through the Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks. Do the American people want to subsidize farm landowners still more with tariffs on farm products? Such tariffs will injure both producing farmers and consumers. If farmers are refused the place in the sun of Privilege which some land-owning farmers are asking, it is quite probable that in a few years they will turn their attention to reducing costs of farm production and ending special privilege. This will involve ending speculation in farm lands, farm credit, and farm products, and real government control of freight rates and of great business combinations. Senator Norris in his article [*The Nation*, September 1] referred to the bill creating a government farm-marketing corporation, which with his characteristic modesty he failed to mention he introduced. Such a corporation is essential to make the farmers' cooperative movement most effective.

Probably a few years will see the development of large farming corporations, because it is exceedingly doubtful whether the majority of farmers will continue to take the inherent risks of agriculture. From the standpoint of the children on the farms it is exceedingly important that they should not. John D. Black, professor of economics at the University of Minnesota, correctly summarized the farm situation when he said: "So far as the present is concerned, it will be highly desirable if a few hundred thousand more farms are abandoned."

As a corollary, immigration should be stopped for a series of years and an intelligent and concerted government effort made to place superfluous farmers in industry with the minimum danger to standards of living.

Silence

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

There is no thing so innocent as silence
Which all men fear.
Awe is in mountains;
They listen always to no sound.
They are so little fevered
Desiring nothing but themselves;
Men are afraid
In their high green glacial meadows,
Timid of unintending silence
And of what waits to listen to no sound.

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In the Driftway

THE exile of Abd-el-Krim, defeated chieftain of the Riff, to a tiny island in the Indian Ocean has raised again in the Drifter's mind a question to which—like all important problems—he has devoted considerable thought. The question is this: If you, dear reader, were told that you must live for the rest of your life in one spot, but might have your pick, what place would you choose? Of course this is not precisely the situation of the Drifter's old college chum Krim. The French Government has not consulted him in regard to his destination; it has told him merely where he gets off. This simplifies Krim's thinking, but it spoils the discussion, and the Drifter prefers a good discussion—preferably ending in a row—to simplified thinking.

* * * * *

AN English skipper on whose steamship the Drifter once came up the West Coast—and at sea that means not the United States but South America—confessed that when he retired it was his ambition to pass the rest of his days in Calcutta. An odd choice, many will say—hot, dirty, crowded; why Calcutta? Yet there's a reason. In considering a place of permanent exile the Drifter is supposing, of course, that, like Abd-el-Krim, the exilee would be provided with a pension sufficient to enable him to live in the station to which he had become accustomed. A steamship captain, Heaven knows, has never been accustomed to much money, but he has been used to a position of eminence and command, with a lot of persons to wait on him and obey his orders. After such a life it would be poor pickings to settle down in London or rural England on a small income. A retired steamship captain would be a nobody lost in nowhere.

* * * * *

ON the other hand, he could be a real personage in Calcutta. With a steamship captain's income he could have a pleasant villa—if that's what they have in India—with a sufficient retinue of servants so that there would always be one to shoo the flies off and another to bow to him every time he turned around. He could belong to the British club and would be a figure wherever he went in the little aristocracy of Occidental administrators and adventurers in this Eastern port. Altogether, the Drifter thinks the skipper's choice a wise one and hopes for its realization some day.

* * * * *

BUT naturally such a solution would not suit the Drifter. He wonders first whether he would choose a city or a place in the country. He is sure of one thing—that he would *not* live in a suburb. He recalls the story of the man who moved to a suburb on Monday and, asked on Friday how he liked it, replied that he didn't know—he wouldn't have a chance to see it until Sunday. But instead of pitying the man because he had to toil long hours in the city, the Drifter—having seen many suburbs—feels that the poor fellow was unfortunate in that he didn't have to work seven days a week. A city is almost as terrible a place in which to live as a suburb, but it has this advantage, that it offers means whereby one may sometimes forget those terrors.

THE Drifter likes to believe that he would choose a spot in the country rather than a home in a city—it would be more wholesome—but he fears he wouldn't. He can say with certainty that if he chose the country it would be somewhere in the United States, for we have the most beautiful and the most varied rural landscape of which the Drifter knows. On the other hand, the Drifter doesn't know of an American city in which he could be induced to live more than three months out of twelve if it were a matter of choice. He thinks that if he had to live in one single city for the rest of his days he would choose Paris or one of the Italian seaports, probably Naples, but possibly Palermo. Of Paris it is not necessary to speak, but one would be called upon to justify Naples or Palermo. To the Drifter Naples is the most beautifully situated and the most exhilaratingly human city in the world. To roam its streets, listening to the songs of those at work or at play; to enter into its love of life and its love of love; to live on the glorious hill of Posilipo looking out at dawn and sunset over the Bay of Naples . . . . Palermo is not so gay and communicative as Naples; it has the Sicilian somberness and taciturnity. But for sheer loveliness the Conca d'Oro (the Shell of Gold), that upward-sloping valley which rises from the city to the mountain top behind it, has no peer in the Drifter's recollection. He recalls an outdoor cafe with a view across the waving lemon groves, over the glistening city, to the profound purple of the Mediterranean beyond. . . . He failed to stop there because the last tram for an hour was just leaving. . . . He regrets his folly to this day. . . .

* * * * *

HO, hum! Enticing day-dreams, aren't they? But (Holy mackerel and fried codfish!) both the Posilipo and the Conca d'Oro are probably to be classified as suburbs! The Drifter has got into a jam again. Perhaps he'd better not try to settle anywhere for life, but just keep on drifting . . . and drifting. . . . THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

For Mr. Mellon to Answer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to official returns from the United States Treasury internal-revenue collections for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show an item of $1,679,434.38 for "still or sparkling wines, cordials, etc." Can you obtain a detailed analysis of this item?

How much was diverted to "sacramental" use? How much was imported for "medicinal purposes only"? Are sparkling wines and cordials imported for the one or the other purpose?

There is also an item called "grape brandy used in fortifying sweet wines," which brought the Treasury $535,261. Is that brandy used for making the "sacramental" wine strong enough to come up to the various religious standards?

Rockville Center, N. Y., September 27 H. EDWARDS

Higher Education in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In assembly at San José State Teachers' College yesterday the faculty member in charge of the program announced that the radio set of the college was at the disposal of the entire student body on that afternoon so that they might follow the

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course and learn the verdict of the scrap between Champion Jack Dempsey and His Honor, Gene Tunney. More cheering and applause in appreciation of this announcement was given the speaker than any other part of the program drew forth that day, or in many past days. "Youth will be served."

San José, California, September 24 FRANK L. MARTIN

Something Eerie on the Erie

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Friday, September 17, was the anniversary of the completion of the Constitution, a document which says something about guaranteeing the rights of freedom of speech and assemblage. All the railroad ferry-boats on the North River were celebrating the occasion with their flags afloat.

It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see this honor to the Constitution on the part of these corporations. But on one of the Erie boats, the Passaic, the flag was upside down! Is it possible that the company recognized the incongruity of having that particular boat acclaim the Constitution, and therefore put up the signal of distress? Or was the captain a Bolshevik? Or may the strikers in Passaic have planted an under-cover agent among the crew?

New York, September 20 PAUL JONES

High Sign and Low Sign

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Los Angeles the police must now salute their superiors and betters and go-getters in the approved military fashion, strictly according to the rules laid down in the war—the hand held rigid, frozen for a moment over the right eye, and then jerked down with a snap to the ground.

In the good old days the "high sign" used to be to hold up one's hand as the Indians did, or as clergymen sometimes do, as a symbol of peace, pointing up to the sky, the sun, the stars, to the infinite heavens above, greeting one's neighbor, as it were, with a sort of a "God bless you." This saluting is different. A man, instead of being free and easy and naturally courteous and well intentioned about it, does it under compulsion, like a machine or a dummy; and instead of pointing above we are teaching and forcing upon our children and our policemen the undemocratic and unbiblical (see Proverbs 28:21) habit of respecting persons who differ but little from ourselves, making a snappy, mechanical gesture downward, pointing below instead of above, just as much as to say to the other fellow: "Go to ——!"

Los Angeles, September 25 KARL SPIESS ROBINSON

War, Inc.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dempsey received $700,000 and Tunney $200,000 for fighting ten rounds. Since the dear people like to see blood flow and heads knocked off, why not put war on the same basis as pugilism?

When nations go to war, have places of safety built on the sidelines where the onlookers can safely view the battle through field-glasses. Large admission fees should be charged, and the winner should receive the bulk of this gate-money. The fighters in past wars have received only their board and clothes, but since this kind of fighting is much more dangerous than fighting in the ring, each combatant should get a good share of the gate-money. If killed his share should go to the widow and orphans, if he has such, or be donated to some theological school for the purpose of graduating young ministers of the gospel who will preach that the Lord hates a coward and commands us to get our automatics and poison gas. People who lack funds to pay admission to witness this commercialized warfare can go to the radio and listen for the returns of the battle.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, October 1 GUY WILLIAMSON

Prison Beauty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time ago, while engaged in social work, I had occasion to notice the attractive, often remarkably beautiful articles that inmates of various prisons make in their spare time from materials purchased with their own money. In a number of prisons the men are permitted to sell these articles, but they find it hard to market them. The sale of their goods inspires them with courage, gives them renewed self-confidence, and, most important of all, gives them an added interest in life. I have taken the work of some of these prisoners and offered to sell it for them. I have some lovely bead necklaces and bags, neckties, scarfs, toys, handsome laces, cushion covers, rag rugs (some intend making hooked rugs), beautifully inlaid jewel and cigarette boxes, horse-hair belts, German silver paper-cutters with pearl inlays, etc. These articles are all conscientiously made and reasonable in price.

I would be glad to send consignments of the goods to anyone who could sell them. (MRS.) O. WIDMAYER

Edgewater, Colo., Box 638A, Rt. 2, September 18

"As Swinish as the Owners"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose several clippings reporting attacks by union carpenters on non-union carpenters in San Francisco. In some instances the victims have been severely injured—skulls fractured or arms broken. There has also been a molders' war going on in the bay region for several years, and intermittently violence flares up. Several times the union forces have shot and killed non-union workers, using the gangster technique of shooting from a moving closed car.

Since your journal describes the brutality of policemen and the callousness of factory-owners, might I inquire why you give no publicity to the lawlessness and violence of the labor unions? As far as my observations go, they are fully as swinish and disgusting as the factory- and mine-owners.

I prefer that you do not mention my name.

Berkeley, California, September 24 J. L.

Fred H. Moore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussing the first conviction of Vanzetti on a charge of attempted hold-up Arthur Warner declares in *The Nation* that "Even Fred H. Moore, when he took up the murder case, . . . failed to move for a new trial for Vanzetti on the Bridgewater [hold-up] charges within the one-year limit prescribed by law, thus making it impossible to reopen the case." Moore did not appeal the Bridgewater case because he had nothing on which he could take action. The attorney who had been hired to represent Vanzetti at his first trial failed to take exception to a single ruling of the court or even to ask that certain lines of examination be ruled on by the court. He was out of sympathy with the views of Vanzetti on social questions and failed to represent his interests adequately. Without having exceptions in the record Moore was powerless to appeal, for the Massachusetts courts require that all exceptions be made at the time of trial.

Moore for several years worked hard and unremittingly on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He often went for long periods without being paid for his services. At other times he took his

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fees and advanced them to the defense committee to carry on investigational work. It is for that reason I wish to correct the impression that Moore failed to take every possible step to protect the interests of both Sacco and of Vanzetti.

Decatur, Illinois, October 4 KARL PRETSHOLD

Class-Prosecution—Class-Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Sacco-Vanzetti case seems in serious danger of becoming respectable. If it does it will not matter much how the affair ends. So far as Sacco and Vanzetti themselves are concerned, nothing the Massachusetts or federal courts can do will give them back their lost years or the fine young physical and mental vigor with which they started. The crime against them is irreparable. The only thing they have left to comfort them is the class-character of their ordeal. When that is obliterated by well-meaning persons who see in it only an exception to the rule of justice rather than the example and type of class-justice, the case will be dismally lost—even if the victims should eventually be released.

It is natural for the New York *World*, in its belated concern for Massachusetts justice, to center attention upon William G. Thompson. Thompson is not only a crackerjack lawyer but excellent window-dressing for an unpopular popular cause. It is perfectly natural for the *World* to dismiss with a shrug the five years before Thompson awoke to the case. Back in 1921 the *World* showed how little it was equipped to understand a case of class-prosecution in a series of smart-aleck articles sensationalizing and distorting the Sacco-Vanzetti case as the work of three super-propagandists!

That the labor and liberal press should follow this lead so readily is pathetic. They gave enough space during those years to recording every step in the exposure of the conspiracy to know better. It was during those first five years that the essential class-character of the persecution was laid bare and the black atmosphere of hatred and ignorance in which the conviction was staged were made manifest. It was slow uphill work, Fred H. Moore doing the bulk of it.

Moore's "long black hair, his somewhat dark visage, his dour manner," and his "unfamiliarity with Massachusetts practice" did not prevent him from saving Ettore, Giovannitti, and Caruso from the electric chair when he was their counsel in the famous case—a Massachusetts case, incidentally, in which he learned more about court practices in that State than 90 per cent of the bourgeois native lawyers will ever know. It did not prevent him from wrenching a hundred "wobblies" from the grip of "justice" in the famous Everett, Washington, cases. Or from clearing Charlie Krieger of the Standard Oil frame-up in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Or from taking the lead in the San Diego free-speech fight. His ignorance of Massachusetts practice is a journalistic euphemism for the court's frantic efforts to deprive Sacco and Vanzetti of a brilliant and fearless defender. Thompson can testify to that, having come splendidly to Moore's assistance at that time.

Just before Moore came to the scene a New York newspaperman was induced to go to Boston to investigate the arrest of the two Italian workers. He returned to report that there was "no story" in it, not even for the New York *Call*—just a "couple of wops in a jam." Several months later, with Moore on the job, it became not merely a story but the biggest story of its kind internationally. Of course, being human and fallible, he made mistakes. Five years is a long time for any human being to go without mistakes.

The prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti is a class-prosecution. Their defense should be a class-defense, in which the services of kind-hearted bourgeois attorneys and philanthropists are merely necessary evils.

New York, October 5 EUGENE LYONS

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Books and Plays

Now the Sky

By MARK VAN DOREN

How long have standing men—by such a stone
As this I watch from on this windless night—
Beheld Arcturus, golden and alone,
Guiding Antares and the Snake aright.

The Scales were up when not an Arab walked
On sand that soon was paved with names of stars;
Boötes herded, and the Giant stalked
Past the curved Dragon, contemplating wars.

How many an open eye, bedight with dew,
Over the sleeping flowers has drawn them down—
Andromeda, and Berenice's few
Dim tresses that shall ever flee the Crown.

From such a rock whence graybeards long ago,
Forgetting it beneath them, heard the Lyre,
I watch. But there is something now we know
Confusing all they saw with misty fire.

For them a hundred pictures on a slate.
For us no slate, and not a hand that draws.
For them a pasture-dome wherefrom the gate
Of Cancer led the Lion through its claws;

For them a frosty window, painted over,
Nightly, with flower faces in a ring—
Daisies dancing up, and clouds of clover
Scenting the after way, and phlox to fling

Thin petals left and right till morning lifted.
For us no shapely flame in all the dark;
For us a million embers that have drifted
Since the first fire, and not a sign to mark

Where anything shall end, or which shall go
With which until they both shall die to gray.
For watchers once a changeless face to know;
For us cold eyes that turn henceforth away.

They saw each constellation take its hour
Of triumph overhead, before it started
Down the broad West, whereon the death of power
Was written by the Ram, and nightly charted.

The Eagle and the Swan, that sailed so long,
Floating upon white wings the Arrow missed,
Tilted at midnight, plunging with a song
Earthward, and—as they sank—deep Hydra hissed.

Leo had long been growling in his lair
When Pegasus neighed softly in the East,
Rising upon a wind that blew his hair
Freshly, until Aquarius increased

The stream he aimed against the Fish's mouth,
And all the stars were wet with silent rain.

The Hyades came weeping, and the South
Sent mist to soothe the Sisters in their pain.

These things they witnessed, and Orion, climbing
Fiercely with those two Dogs announcing Fall;
Then Winter, with Aldebaran loud-chiming,
Baiting the frozen Bull, that turned to call

The Bears to warm his anger. These they knew
And knew the seasons with them, Spring and Spring—
Counting the dozen Signs the finger drew
That swung the inconstant Sun around the Ring.

Slow Jupiter proceeded as they planned,
Lingering among the Twelve in stately turn;
They touched the breasts of Venus where the hand
Of Mars's fiery love had been to burn.

The sky was then a room, with people going
Faithfully to and fro, and beasts enchained.
The sky was then a midnight wastrel, throwing
Riches away; and still the purse remained.

But now the sky is broken, door by door.
Strangers in the room obscure the hosts.
The meadow is not guarded any more
By watchers coming lonely to their posts.

The animals are never to be named
That swarm beyond our company of old—
Stragglers from the herd, that we had tamed
Unknowing the recesses of the fold.

Those were no heroes whom we once addressed—
Hercules, Orion, and the Twins.
Unwounded, they were running from the rest
Far there where only now the war begins.

There is a game for players still to play,
Pretending that the board was never lost.
But still the painted counters will decay,
And knowledge sit along to count the cost.

Coleridge

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MR. FAUSSET'S is one of the most tragically absorbing stories ever written of the life of a man of genius. And yet *pathetic* might better describe the drama of Coleridge's life than *tragic*, for it shows no struggle of resolute will against a hostile fate, but a great mind doomed to frustration almost at birth by a congenital maladjustment to the practical conditions of existence and helpless to oppose the faintest resistance to its doom. The truly melancholy thing in Coleridge's situation was that his extraordinarily subtle understanding enabled him to see his weakness and that the excuses which throughout his life he kept making for himself never effectually allayed the gnawings of his moral sense. The key to Coleridge's failure, according to Mr. Fausset, is not so much that absence of will power to which it is generally attributed as inability to cope with objective reality. "A being splendidly endowed with genius, sensibility, and intellect, large in comprehension, ele-

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mental in instinct, generous, affectionate, and enthusiastic, broke himself on the rocks of a world which he could not see."

Mr. Fausset presses his analysis with a relentless scrutiny. He cannot be entirely acquitted of his besetting sin of over-simplification, but he does no essential injustice to the subject of his biography such as the present reviewers quarreled with in his study of John Donne. The material in this case is full to the point of oppressiveness and lends itself unresistingly to the support of the thesis. It shows the absorption of Coleridge as a child in the realm of the Arabian Nights, during manhood in unearthly metaphysical speculation, and in old age in a fine-spun theology somehow reconciled with the conventional code of morals. It is painful to follow the disintegration of mind and character as it is unfolded in Mr. Fausset's account, unsparingly but without vindictiveness. Thinking of Coleridge as the poet who brought enchantment into the literature of the nineteenth century, we are likely to forget how much of his verse is diffuse sentimentality and how early his creative power was checked. Admiring him as the author of the profoundest critical remarks on Shakespeare and Wordsworth, we do not consider that these remarks were the product of a brief period of spasmodic exertion. Knowing him as the protagonist of idealism in philosophy and religion, we disregard his serious lapses into cant and hypocrisy.

The student of literature may do well to judge Coleridge only by the positive fruits of his activity (it is an indulgence for which Coleridge himself would have been very grateful), but the biographer cannot avoid dwelling on the waste and disappointment as well. There may even be the intimate connection between the two aspects which Mr. Fausset refers to. Possibly we owe the miracles of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" to the same feverish sensibility which led Coleridge to the laudanum bottle and the piety of Archbishop Leighton. But under any circumstances, no excuses need be made for a study like Mr. Fausset's. It somewhat discredits the thinker, but it does full justice to the genius of the poet and critic; and if it leaves the man destitute of esteem, it does not obscure the qualities which won so much mitigating sympathy and protection for him during his lifetime. There are few writers who could have handled with similar competence a subject calling for the appraisal of such a variety of faculties and activities. By virtue of its psychological penetration and its grasp of literary and philosophic values the book takes precedence over all that has so far been written about Coleridge.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Meredith

George Meredith. By J. B. Priestly. English Men of Letters, New Series. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Writings and Life of George Meredith, A Centenary Study. By Mary Sturge Gretton. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

A LOVER of Meredith's novels asked to review biographies of him feels like the old scholar who growled: "There *is* no good edition of Shakespeare. I have been too busy for the past few years." Mindful of your huge debt to Meredith you hate to speak of his human frailties. Until three years ago these were largely conjectural. Then Mr. S. B. Ellis's biography took out the stopple. Meredith's family skeleton was a paternal tailor shop. He began by being ashamed of it. He ended by being ashamed of it. He ended by being ashamed of having been ashamed. This smarting sensitiveness colored his whole work. Through his novels like a Wagnerian *leit-motif* runs this theme of some extraordinary personality battling for social recognition—in plain United States, trying to horn in. Evan Harrington, Richmond Roy, Diana, Aminta, Nesta, Alvan, Carinthia, even Beauchamp—the theme persistently recurs.

Mr. Priestly declares that Meredith was a great writer but not a great man. Mrs. Gretton is more reticent. Her centenary study is a succinct introduction to Meredith's work, biographical material at the beginning of her chapters, summaries of novels and poems in the middle, and comment at the end. Her advantage of personal friendship with the author, while warming and mellowing her study, is never obtruded, and her writing has uniform, smooth excellence.

Mr. Priestly is more outspoken and severely critical. Of Meredith's faults as a story-teller he makes mince meat. The privilege of being allowed to associate with such superb human beings as Meredith's characters is such a bracer to one's own best standards that it would never occur to me to crab about faulty plot construction. For a well-tinkered Chinese puzzle of a plot I go to Sophocles or Ibsen. But Nevil Beauchamp, Vernon Whitford, and Matey Weyburn are not characters in fiction. They are old, dear, and intimate friends; they are comrade young men who have stood by me in many a hard tussle.

On the other hand, Mr. Priestly's grasp of the novelist's intellectual range is extraordinary. Meredith, he says, is in the nineteenth century but not of it. He escapes the strain and lop-sidedness of the other great Victorians painfully trying to adjust themselves to the property-poverty struggle and the theologico-scientific shindy. "He is pure pagan." The agonizing of Christian theology he treats like an "inspired prophet of sanity." He simply walks away and leaves it running. He recognizes that man's animal instincts are not to be effaced but to be used. "He seems to breathe Hellenic air and turns on the body the clear unshadowed eyes of the nobler pagans."

Justly severe though Mr. Priestly may be—and his study is a notable addition to a notable series—he sets one pondering the biographer's plight. A biographer's pitfall is usually to set up his private Ellis Island at the gate of the Eternal City. That biographers should be more or less encouraged to do this is far from flattering revelation of the estate of prevailing opinion. Mediocrity must be revenged on excellence, and conventional morals are the backstairs to it. A smaller man with step-ladder and tape-measure undertakes to measure a greater. Then occurs our Comedy of Bad Manners. Here is some valiant soul who struggled manfully his life long to enrich the human spirit. And we expect his biographer, rueing his lapses, to tell us: "He really ought to have spent that Saturday night differently." This would apply to Goethe, Beethoven, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Walt Whitman, Wagner, Shelley, George Eliot, Tolstoi, and most others of the best. Were you to turn on the average life the X-ray of biographical research, what would you have? Exactly the same faults as those of genius—without its great contribution. The rebuke to gabble about the human frailties of greatness is: "Do you value the product? You do? Very well. Then don't complain of the process." Meredith (I will allow no one to abuse him but myself) was vain, self-conscious, unforgiving, and sadly lacking in simplicity. But when we glory in a superb artist's superb complexity, why damn him for not being simple? Try some other shop.

Our mistake is in expecting artists to have lived perpetually up to the heroic pitch of the supreme moments in their works. The Ninth Symphony and "Beauchamp's Career" are heroic worlds. But that is no reason for expecting Beethoven's lodgings and Meredith's crochets to have been the same. Let us cease to damn the artist for not having been also a saint. The two are different careers and none too compatible. In Tolstoi the saint slew the artist and some people prefer the artist Tolstoi to Tolstoi the saint. Confronted with the human weaknesses of George Meredith or of any other mighty spirit, I would steadily remind myself of Lincoln's reply to the people who complained that General Grant was addicted to drink: "Find out what brand of whiskey he uses so I can give some to my other generals."

LUCIEN PRICE

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Rome Simplified

The Roman Spirit in Religion, Thought, and Art. By A. Grenier. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

GRENIER'S book, written for M. Berr's historical series called L'Evolution de l'Humanité, has been translated by M. R. Dobie to serve as one of the two hundred volumes of the great "History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. Grenier is a mature scholar, favorably known for several careful studies in the field of Roman archaeology and religion. The subject is here restricted to "religion, thougth, and art" because other books in the series treat of jurisprudence and of the political history. This needs to be kept in mind by the reader since he will several times discover that in interpreting "the Roman spirit" the author is drawing upon certain preconceptions that are not allowed to appear on the stage.

The sketch of Rome's religious journey from a primitive animism, through Etruscan and Greek anthropomorphism, to Oriental mysticism is reliable and tellingly written, though not quite with the sympathetic vividness of Warde Fowler's inimitable book. In the survey of Roman art Grenier has without exaggeration emphasized the interest of the Roman artist in realistic humanism expressed within the forms borrowed from Greece, and we may be especially grateful for the pages devoted to Etrusco-Roman art, which the author places in its correct historical perspective. The chapters on literature are perhaps less adequate, for here he seems especially to feel the necessity of illustrating his main theme. Somehow it becomes difficult to subsume the qualities of historians as diverse as Caesar, Livy, and Tacitus under a single formula and to classify as illustrations of typical Romans Lucretius and Catullus as well as Horace and Virgil.

Here, in fact, we meet the only serious defect of the book —a flaw inherent in much of our historical writing—that is, the assumption of consistency and unity where none exists. The people of Rome were ever changing groups of different individuals, constantly facing new experiences, meeting new influences, and consequently assuming new modes of expression for their shifting moods. A title like The Spirit of Rome is as misleading as would be The Spirit of the State of New York. The innate mental habit of classifying incoherent phenomena under cogent formulae and of organizing haphazard events into a consistent drama has received too much encouragement in continental historians from Hegelian traditions and nationalistic antipathies. Honest history is not popular because it usually lacks a plot. If the historian can with Hegel or H. G. Wells select his material so as to evolve a story leading consistently up to the glorious now, or if with Spengler he can shape a cathartic tragedy from "Apollonian" through "Magian" scenes to the catastrophic *Untergang*, he becomes a prophet. But we have been surfeited with such fare. We are ready now to extend greetings to a "History of Civilization" written by two hundred specialists, if only because it promises to break up the eternal schematization. But we hope that we shall not have two hundred dramas for one. In fact, some of us prefer the confusion of the "Cambridge History," which ties each contributor down to such narrow limits that he dare not dramatize lest the author of the sequel will tack a farcical ending to his tragedy.

In justice to Grenier it must be said that he avoids preoccupation successfully through half the book and that when finally he discovers that he has fallen under the spell of his title he ends with a warning against his own schematized conclusions. There are a few slight mistakes (the Baracco head is not Caesar, the restoration of the Etruscan temple on page 22 is incorrect, and Catullus's mistress was not Clodia Metella). In essentials the book is reliable, and fully deserves its place in the ambitious series. The translation is generally adequate, though on page 226 it exchanges the roles of Clodius and Milo.

TENNEY FRANK

For Independence

The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States, 1898-1925. By Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

"THIS book has been prepared," its authors tell us, "in order to lay before the people of the United States the facts relating to the conquest of the Philippines." The ulterior purpose in presenting the facts, however, as the reader eventually discovers, is to urge independence for the islands and their people. With all respect for the high intentions of Mr. Storey and Mr. Lichauco, the second object is not necessarily the logical accompaniment of the first. It would not be so even if governments acted logically, as in most circumstances they do not, and the attempt to write a *quod erat demonstrandum* in place of a *non sequitur* is likely to cause the book to be dismissed by many as inconclusive special pleading, when in fact it ought to be widely read and solemnly pondered.

What Mr. Storey and Mr. Lichauco have done is to frame a powerful indictment against the United States for its treatment of the Filipinos. The story is a repellent one of conquest and cruelty, of pious pretense and official arrogance, and of "uplift" and "civilization" used as smoke-screens to cover mercenary and unenlightened plans. The incidents, of course, are peculiar to the occasion, but the principles run on all-fours with those which all the expansionist nations, Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, have developed to propagate imperialism and bring weaker peoples under the flag. Mr. Storey and Mr. Lichauco appear to think that if the facts had been fully known in this country something different might have happened. No doubt some of the facts have been withheld, or at least have been made somewhat difficult of access, but the essential truth of what was going on has been well enough known all along to those who cared, and while the book marshals the material skilfully, it adds extremely little to what was common property before.

What weakens the book as an argument for Philippine independence is its failure to recognize, or at all events to present with sufficient clearness, the fundamental change which was worked by the Spanish-American War in the temper of the American people. Thanks to that war, the United States became for the first time conscious of world power, and the consciousness set it by the ears. From minding its own business and leaving other nations to mind theirs, it took to meddling, first, of course, with a remote Asiatic business with which it had no vital concern, and later, in the World War, with a vast European quarrel from which it saw a possibility of deriving some prestige. Under the stress of international meddling, transformed by the Great American Hypnotist into a campaign for global democracy, the question of what the Constitution intended or what former generations had deemed wise gave place to the call of power, dominion, a voice in world affairs, international suspicion and fear, and money, and under the delusion of this new-styled greatness the nation has continued to live.

This is why the independence of the Philippines, which Messrs. Storey and Lichauco regard as a kind of moral obligation of the nation, has virtually ceased to be regarded as either necessary or desirable. The issue remained, but it was academic. What has been said by Presidents and Congressmen and politicians generally about independence as an ultimate aim is now seen to have been only a thin garment of gauze to hide the nakedness of "practical" policies, but it meant nothing at the time and has no value now. It is refreshing to find two able men who still think that politics and ethics have some inherent relation one to the other, but the situation which they deplore will not change until the nation shall have got rid of the kind of politics that now controls it, and adopted more rational standards than it now favors in dealing with the relations of peoples.

WILLIAM MCDONALD

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Books in Brief

The Writing of History. By Jean Jusserand, Wilbur Cortez Abbott, Charles W. Colby, and John Spencer Bassett. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The authors of this book, acting as a committee of the American Historical Association, have been set the task of discovering what is the matter with historical writing in America, and of suggesting remedies for the situation. The decline, if not the virtual disappearance, of such interest as greeted the works of Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, or Parkman seems to be a fact beyond question, and the ravages of popular neglect appear to have continued unchecked during the very period in which the association has been organizing and promoting historical research and publication. The main trouble, apparently, is that most American historical scholars do not know how to write, and are not really cultured persons to begin with. They are learned in a narrow way, they turn out monographs of portentous number and bulk, and their methods are scientific to the extent that history can be treated as a science, but what they write is neither easy nor delightful to read. Most of our writers of history, moreover, are professors, and American university life does not encourage, in students or teachers, a generous reading of classical works in history or any other subject. The scientific method, in other words, has all but done to death historical writing as literature, at the same time that our quantitative intellectual standards have left small place for broad outlook, artistry of style, and the leisure that permits of taking pains. About all that the committee have to offer by way of remedy is the suggestion that students of history would do well to read more, and that in any event they should write better. There would be hope for American culture if, in the face of our unreformed universities and multiplying endowments for research, one might expect that such a suggestion would, in the course of a hundred years or so, be seriously taken to heart.

1825-1925—A Century of Stupendous Progress. Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

This book was written to prove that the last century has witnessed more progress in every respect than all the other centuries combined, and that this progress is solely due to science. It is not uninteresting, but subtle minds will search it vainly for a satisfying definition of progress, and in the overwhelming array of statistics they will find another proof that statistics, like the Scriptures, can be quoted to prove anything.

Social Struggles and Modern Socialism. By M. Beer. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

This last and least valuable of Beer's five-volume "General History of Socialism and Social Struggles" is little more than a syllabus on Socialist agitation in Germany since 1800, with side-references to similar agitation in a few other countries. Briefly, pithily, and dryly it covers the Paris Commune in six small pages, the recent Russian Revolution in three. Of some possible use to the historical student of socialist struggles, it is uninteresting to the general reader and worthless as propaganda. It should be added, however, that the entire set of five volumes presents an authoritative outline of the struggle of classes in both ancient and modern times.

Four Years Beneath the Crescent. By Rafael de Nogales. Translated from the Spanish by Muna Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

More than a mere account of the adventures of a Venezuelan soldier of fortune as a high officer with the Turkish army during the late war. It is a travel book as well as a gruesome adventure story; its analysis of conditions in the Ottoman Empire and its comments on the Young Turkey movement and the Armenian massacres make it an addition to that "authentic" history of the war which is painfully emerging from a mass of propaganda. Written with absolute candor by a man who regarded the war as a job and brought no bias or patriotism to bear on his work, it reveals its author's personality as nothing short of amazing. General Nogales combines the ideals of medieval chivalry with a mind that displays the keenest penetration as well as a refreshing naivete.

Four Novelists of the Old Régime. By John Garber Palache. The Viking Press. $3.

A story of the life and works of Crébillon fils, Choderlos de Laclos, Restif de la Bretonne, and Diderot, the latter considered purely as a novelist. Inasmuch as the eighteenth-century French novel is a field very inadequately surveyed in English literature, this is a valuable study. Mr. Palache's summary of Restif's autobiography, "The Story of Monsieur Nicholas," forms the most interesting section of the book. The introductory chapter on the eighteenth-century French novel is disjointed; the style in general is sophomoric; and the plenitude of footnotes will probably prove annoying to the general reader. But the book as a whole is extremely creditable spadework, if nothing more.

Economic History of Europe to the End of the Middle Ages. By M. M. Knight. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

This is a readable narrative of European economic development from the beginnings to the close of the Middle Ages, the first of two volumes edited by Professor A. A. Young which will complete the account to date. Mr. Knight disclaims originality and uses little illustrative material. The background of local and world politics is given with relatively abundant detail, geographic factors, variations in economic technique, and consumers' economics get scant attention. General readers who know modern business terminology will approve the constant use of the patois. The editor declares this book the best introduction to economic history. There is, indeed, no better.

Drama

"The Lion Tamer"

THE form—artificial characters moving against a stylicized background—which Alfred Savoir has chosen for his fantastic comedy, "The Lion Tamer" (Neighborhood Playhouse), is one beloved by insurgents of the theater. Its possibilities have been argued with a wearisome copiousness by enthusiastic theorists, and we have had not a few well-intentioned efforts to realize them upon the stage. Thus some years ago the pretentious vacuity of "He Who Gets Slapped" was endured for the sake of its form, and only last season the insignificant merits of "The Chief Thing" were at least seriously weighed for the same reason. Never before, however, in America at least, have we seen the genre attempted by anyone as technically adroit as Savoir, and it must in fairness be said that no unadulterated exponent of Art has done so much as he to demonstrate its merits. One may distrust a cleverness as unflagging as his; one may doubt if so adroit a juggler can do more than juggle; but the fact remains that "The Lion Tamer" is a delight from beginning to end—original, witty, unflagging, and picturesque.

The conception upon which the author has founded his play—a conception of the struggle, eternal and inconclusive, between the logical idealist and the brutal master of things as they are—is not inevitably profound. Even the fantastic characters which he has chosen to embody it—the lion tamer of a traveling circus and the English lord who follows him from town to town in the religious hope that sometime, somewhere the lions will realize their superiority and devour their master—

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are not so obviously apt as to foredoom the play to success. But from the moment when the curtain rises upon the Lord performing his nightly vigil at the circus bar until it descends upon his son, come to take his father's place and in every respect undistinguishable from him, the invention of the author never falters. With all the skill of a playwright, both born to the theater and made master of its secrets by long practice, he keeps the ball rolling in an always unexpected direction. The idea plays hide and seek with the farcical situations; it winds in and out of the fabric, appearing unexpectedly in the midst of the most amusing situations; and, though it is never far away, it is never intruded. As the lion tamer, so blusteringly sure that the world is ruled by force and fear, matches wits with the idealist who clings with such desperation to his faith in the ultimate triumph of reason and justice, the whole fantastic proceedings take on the relevance of a dream. The conflict spreads to involve the love of the premiere equestrienne and the balance swings now this way, now that. Farcical though it all is and dextrously though it avoids even a moment of heavy solemnity, it nevertheless seems poignant and true for the very reason that neither cynicism nor faith ever wins a decisive victory. It is the idealist himself whom the lions finally devour because, though he once consented to attempt the task, he never really wanted to conquer with a whip; but no sooner is he gone than his son is there to take up the battle where his father had left it, and he too is destined to his victories and his defeats. Since the beginning of history, so the playwright seems to say, men have been both good enough and bad enough, wise enough and foolish enough, to furnish a very respectable case for the cynic and the idealist alike, and doubtless it is temperament, not evidence, which makes either.

Those who have followed the development of the company at the Neighborhood need hardly be told that the play is one which they are peculiarly fitted to perform. Nowhere else in America, I think, has the tradition which insists that acting depends, not upon the exploitation of personality but upon the conscious control of the voice and body, been so consistently followed. Nowhere else do we find actors who so nearly realize Gordon Craig's ideal of the marvelously articulated puppet, who so firmly grasp the principle that a role is something to be created by a mind which uses the body as a sculptor uses clay, not something to be approximated as near as may be by giving rein to the temperament of the performer. Hence it is that they play better than the members of any other company, can grasp and maintain a style of consistent, significant artificiality such as this play requires. Ian Maclaren, Otto Hulicius, and Albert Carroll, as well as those who undertake minor roles, are admirable, but the performance of Dorothy Sands in the extraordinarily difficult part of the equestrienne Arabella is the outstanding achievement of the production. Her suppleness, variety, and never-failing expressiveness are not less than superb, and they have, withal, no direct relation to her individual personality. Here, for one, is an actress who is not parading a somewhat glorified version of herself upon the stage but one who has actually created a role.

"Deep River" (Imperial Theater), for which Laurence Stallings furnished the libretto and Frank Harling the music, constitutes not merely an interesting experiment but a very considerable achievement in beauty and interest as well. The scene is old New Orleans upon the occasion of the annual Creole Ball, and Mr. Stallings, for his part, contributes a play in which he reveals again as he revealed in "Spring Flight" a fresh and vigorous feeling for the picturesque contrasts of early American culture. The scene in which the three Kentuckians, come down the river for the ball, clash with the representatives of the French aristocracy is as vivid as anything in "What Price Glory?" and though the requirements of the libretto prevent the development of more than the sketch of a play, that sketch is enough to indicate that the author is capable, sooner or later, of realizing the dramatic possibilities of certain American materials that have never yet been used in drama. In the first and last acts Mr. Harling's music is hardly more than a pleasant accompaniment to the play, but in the second act, left largely in his hands, he rises to his opportunities and creates, through the music alone, a thrilling half hour in the presence of the Voodoo queen.

"The Captive" (Empire Theater) is a play considerably less sensational than its theme. It deals clearly and interestingly with a life of a Lesbian who has married in the hope of thus conquering her abnormality, but it is, after the fashion of the school of French drama to which it belongs, more full of logic than of life. Its high moment, the moment when the husband of the heroine's inamorata recounts the horrors of his marriage to a woman who is somehow not a woman, depends upon declamation rather than drama, and I, at least, never failed to feel that the characters of the piece were more elements of a syllogism than living personages. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Times Square Theater), like the book from which it was taken, is as sketchy as a comic strip, but it is hilariously funny and, within the limits of its form, shrewdly penetrating. "The Immortal Thief," with which Walter Hampden opens his season at the Hampden Theater, is an unfortunate work which undertakes to tell a story woven about one of those crucified with Christ, but it never succeeds in being more than pompously feeble. In "The Good Fellow" (Playhouse) George Kaufman and Herman Mankiewicz manage to extract a good deal of fun out of Mr. Mencken's favorite character, the inveterate joiner of lodges and marcher in parades.

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International Relations Section

Russia, the Land of Contradictions*

By SHERWOOD EDDY

II

IN the light of these basic facts, may I evaluate some elements in the present situation in Russia that are evil and some that are good, certain things that seem to be a menace and others a possible contribution to the rest of the world. Among the evils I would list:

1. The severe abridgment of liberty. As the sympathetic British Trade Union delegation admits, "in practice there is a complete control not only of the press, the platform, and the political machinery but of the schools, the universities, and army." There is little liberty of the press, though a wide range of criticism of the Government is permitted provided it is not seditious. For the present, the Soviet officials frankly profess dictatorship rather than democracy. They believe that other countries have a veiled dictatorship of the privileged one-tenth, while they claim a frank dictatorship on behalf of the hitherto unprivileged nine-tenths who constitute the working masses. Their state control of life at almost every point is exceedingly irksome to any liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon, and one feels a weight has been suddenly lifted as he leaves the Russian frontier.

2. The Communist Party is frankly materialistic, atheistic, and anti-religious in its policy. This is not surprising when it is remembered that, despite the deep mystical religious piety of many of the Russian people, the revolution was not only against a corrupt state but against a reactionary church that often presented a sad caricature of religion, and at times was an adjunct of the police department and the spy system. Although the teaching of religion in the home is not forbidden, nor is preaching in the church, the organized religious instruction of youth under eighteen is. The churches seemed almost as well filled as before the war, but there was a conspicuous absence of youth.

The philosophy of the Communist Party is based upon force and their avowed policy is world revolution. This party has a membership in fifty-two countries and its plan of revolution is a frank challenge to our whole social order. The policy at this point is undoubtedly serious, but it need be feared only where rank injustice or misery leads the workers to despair or where liberty is denied. Mohammedanism has just such a program in theory, where according to the sacred Book all "infidels" are to be offered their choice between Islam, tribute, or the sword. But although this is their authoritative pronouncement, we do not feel ourselves in any real danger from Islam, either by its propaganda or by the sword. Our security is in the measure of our organized intelligence, justice, and liberty. It is so in the case of Russia. Our danger, if there is any, lies not in the strength of the Soviet system but in whatever weaknesses there may be in our own. These Soviet evils, however, are very real—the restriction of liberty, atheistic materialism, and a program of world revolution by violence.

*This is the concluding instalment of the report issued by the committee which Sherwood Eddy headed, and which visited Russia in August of this year on an unofficial investigation of conditions there. The first instalment was published in the International Relations Section for October 13.

An impartial standpoint calls for the appreciation of the good as well as condemnation of the evil in Russia. The following points may be noted:

1. There are elements of value in their ideal which play a powerful part in the shaping of the life of the people, even though they have not always lived up to them, as we have not to the principles of our own Declaration of Independence. "With the fundamental aim of suppressing all exploitation of man by man, of abolishing forever the division of society into classes, of suppressing all exploiters, . . . in order to exterminate all parasitic elements of society, . . . to deliver humanity from the grip of financial capital and imperialism . . . the Third All-Russian Congress . . . associated itself with the policy of the present Soviet administration in its repudiation of secret treaties . . . and in its efforts to attain at all costs a democratic workers' peace, . . . a peace without annexations or indemnities, on the basis of the free self-determination of nations." It aims "to end the domination of capitalism, make war impossible, wipe out state boundaries, transform the whole world into a cooperative commonwealth, and bring about real human brotherhood and freedom." All these things are to be accomplished not by a selfish scramble for special privileges but by cooperative endeavor, seeking equal justice for all.

Of all the Soviet ideals none is more remarkable than that the leaders of the largest united republic in the world should endeavor to rise above personal profit and sordid private gain to the standard of unselfish social service for the common good. It was a noteworthy advance in cooperation when the early Christians had all things in common and shared with all who were in need. It is praiseworthy when the missionary, the minister, the doctor, and the teacher accept a profession where public service and not private profit is the measure of worth. But what shall we say when the political and economic leaders of an entire nation rise to this height? No member of the Communist Party is permitted to receive an income of more than $112.50 a month, or $3.75 a day, or less than the wage of many day laborers in America, although writers may earn a little extra. The man who goes in for profiteering for himself is scorned almost as a moral leper as in no other country in the world, and if he is a member of the Communist Party, after a fair trial, he is executed or expelled. All but two of Lenin's cabinet had shared with him nearly twenty years in exile, poverty, or imprisonment. Whatever its name or label, many of these elements in their ideal are closely akin to the Christian virtues.

2. Russia provides a vast laboratory for social experiment. In a world often petrified in tradition and custom it may be of value to have at least one country free to test certain theories by a system of trial and error. Apart from a few high-minded intellectuals or men of noble birth and good family, like Lenin, who weathered the revolution and were seasoned in suffering, the Soviet system is on a vast scale a government of humble workingmen and peasants trained in the school of adversity in practical life. Many of them had no more schooling than Lincoln. Russia presents the first complete revolution in history in the entire political, economic, and social life of a people. Here for the first time on such a scale is attempted the full sharing of all privileges with the poorest. Here the best that can

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be provided in science, art, music, the theater, the educational film, physical culture, recreation, and enjoyment, not for the favored few but for all the poor. Although only a third of the children are in school, because the country is so poor, yet the Government has determined that education shall be compulsory and free for all. Although too poor to carry all the new laws into immediate effect, Russia has the most advanced labor legislation in the world. In spite of its admitted bitter poverty it provides such relief for the poor, such social insurance for unemployment, for sickness, accident, old age, and every other disability that it puts America to shame with her often-neglected poor and her unscientific and unnecessary unemployment.

3. Finally, with all its own glaring evils and mixed motives, it may be a good thing to have a nation that stands as a challenge to all the rest of the world, wherever capitalism is ruthless, wherever imperialism has long exploited the weak, the poor, and the helpless nations and darker races, to free from "enslavement millions of laborers in Asia, in the colonies, and in the small nations." It may be a good thing to challenge the thought of the world as to how far China, Korea, the Philippines, India, Egypt, and Africa have a claim to autonomy in their own right, or how far they are merely a means for exploitation for the profit of the stronger imperialist nations.

Here stands a nation like an "Adversary," an instrument, a weapon against injustice everywhere, even though it has itself been most cruelly unjust to its own former exploiters. Does impoverished Russia challenge rich America for its backwardness in many of the most elemental forms of social insurance, in its frequent denial of the most elemental right of collective bargaining and the claims of labor unions to representatives of their own choosing; in its failure to regulate inordinate and excessive wealth and income when found side by side with poverty unrelieved; in its failure adequately to protect the farmer from exploitation and to extend the cooperative movement as has been done in Russia, England, Germany, Denmark, and other lands; and in the gradual extension of social control wherever it can be efficiently operated without graft and disgraceful party politics? No favor should make us unmindful of the glaring evils in Russia nor should Pharisaic hypocrisy blind us to the evils in our own land.

Practically all the American party favored recognition of the present Russian Government without in any way committing themselves to the approval of the Soviet system. I personally favor recognition on the basis of President Coolidge's message to Congress of December 6, 1923. It has not been the policy of the United States to base recognition of other governments upon approval of their practices. Did we approve of all the evils of the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, or the Sultans of Turkey? The present Government has proved itself a stable and enduring government of the Russian people. There is no alternative in sight. All the other leading nations of the world have recognized the Soviet Government and established trade relations with it. Our American party believes it is not compatible with our economic interests or our moral ideals further to withhold recognition. To refuse recognition will breed growing suspicion, hostility, and hatred. Logically the ultimate alternatives are either trade and cooperation or the possibility of war.

No policy of peace or world disarmament, no plan for the economic recovery of Europe and of the world can succeed which ignores the crucial position of Russia. Is it better to drive Russia into opposition as an outcast Ishmael among the nations, to stir up trouble in every discontented nation and class, or to bind her hand and foot with trade agreements, treaties, and relationships into the cooperative life of the world? Was it better to outlaw Germany as an enemy or bring her as a cooperating friend into the League of Nations? Positively, in proportion as the present Government of Russia is stabilized and bound by trade agreements and political obligations the whole policy of the Third International for world revolution is defeated. And conversely, in proportion as the Government of Russia is driven into the position of an enemy outlaw we unwittingly further the cause of world revolution.

President Coolidge in his message to Congress said: "I am willing to make very large concessions for the purpose of rescuing the Russian people. . . . Whenever there appears any disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled, and to recognize that debt contracted with our Government, not by the Czar but by the newly formed Republic of Russia; whenever the active spirit of enmity to our institutions is abated, . . . our country ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia." These three conditions the Russian Government is ready to fulfil, and through its Foreign Minister in his note to the President of December 16, 1923, has "announced its readiness to enter into negotiations with the American Government and to remove all misunderstandings and differences between the two countries." Yet for three years we have refused even to confer with them as to their readiness to meet our own conditions. Mr. Hughes put his finger on the crucial point at issue between the two countries when he said: "Most serious is the continued propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country." There is evidence to show that since Lenin, Stalin, and Chicherin won the day for the policy of the fulfilment of economic and political agreements the present Government of Russia does not and will not interfere with our Government by propaganda or otherwise, but the Third International, composed of the Communists of fifty-two nations, has and will continue to work for revolution by propaganda and all other means. This they can do with much greater freedom if the Soviet Government is not recognized by the United States than if the foreign ministers and representatives of both governments were present in Moscow and Washington to stand watch over any agreements made between the two countries.

To realize this dual relationship let us take an illustration. Suppose the people of India had protested to Mr. Hughes against the propaganda of foreign missions which was attempting to overthrow Hinduism and establish Christianity in India. He could truthfully have replied that our Government financially does not and never would support such propaganda, but that it neither would nor could prevent voluntary missionary societies from so doing. As an individual churchman Mr. Hughes might have contributed to this missionary propaganda. Now the Russian Government is much too busy at home fighting for its very life to interfere with our government in America. But individual Communists cannot, will not, and do not desire to prevent the activities of the fifty-two nations in the Third International from so doing.

At two points the illustration of India is not parallel. The missionary propaganda is one of moral suasion, while

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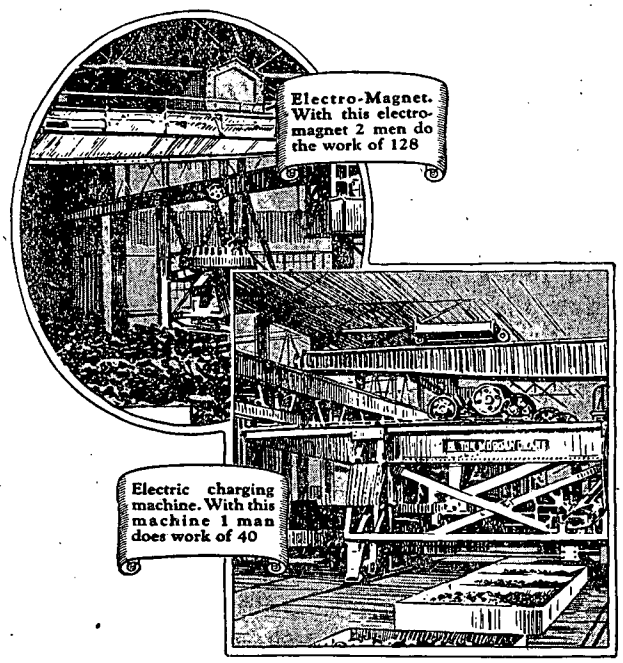
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the Communists rely upon force; and the organized Communist Party stands behind and dominates both the present Russian Government and the Third International. Facing these same factors, however, and hating Bolshevism as much as we do, the governments of Britain, Germany, and France have recognized the present Government of Russia, have entered into trade agreements which are scrupulously fulfilled, and believe that they are better able to fight the Third International with Russia bound than with an outlaw free whom they cannot control or defeat. We, therefore, advocate the recognition of the Soviet Government on the basis of President Coolidge's proposals. We would absolutely oppose the Third International, not by violence or by falsehood but by putting our own house in order. We would remove all just causes of discontent on the part of labor, and establish such a system of justice, freedom, enlightenment, and prosperity that labor will no more want revolution and Russian poverty than it will want either the sword or propaganda of Islam, much as it may respect the devotees of that or any other religion.

Upon returning from Russia I was sorry to see garbled sentences of a sensational character misquoting remarks made by me in Moscow and associating the American group with the Y. M. C. A., with which, of course, it had not the remotest connection. While in Russia I spoke three times. The first was in response to an address of welcome by the Society of Cultural Relations. While not whitewashing Russia nor making a sweeping condemnation of other countries as represented, I did say that Russia would, with all her own faults, stand as a challenge wherever capitalism or imperialism were ruthless. As I said repeatedly in Russia, I am not a Communist or a Socialist; I am in a modest way a capitalist; and with all the shortcomings of our own social order, I believe we can best work out a solution by an evolutionary, educational, constructive program, based upon Christian principles and not by the revolutionary, destructive program of Communism.

My second address was at a meeting where we frankly laid before the Russian leaders our criticisms of all the evils of their system, including their abridgment of liberty, their policy of world revolution, the lack of security for trade if based upon a revolutionary policy, and the unjust and unscientific teaching of dogmatic atheism to their youth under eighteen, while they forbid the organized teaching of religion to them. The third meeting was in an open debate upon religion in Moscow. During my visit there I said to a friend: "Fourteen years ago I was conducting religious meetings in this city under the Czar's rule. I venture the prophecy that within five years I shall do so again with the full approval of the present Government." The most enlightened member of our party said it would never take place. That prophecy was fulfilled not within five years but within five days.

During our meeting for criticism when I asked the Soviet leaders why Russia was the only important country in the world where I was not permitted to hold religious meetings the editor of the *Atheist* replied that I had liberty for such meetings. To test his statement I challenged him to a public debate on the following Sunday, upon whether or not there was a God and a rational ground for religion. At three days' notice the hall was filled, all of the thousand seats were sold, the proceeds being donated to a children's home. The debate lasted for nearly five hours, when the hall had to be cleared for another meeting. There was apparent the same deep heart hunger, the same vital interest in religion that audiences had shown fourteen years before, when without police permits we were holding meetings in the students' rooms during an epidemic of suicide under the Czars. This was the first time in nine years such a debate had been held by a foreigner, but I believe it will not be the last. A considerable measure of liberty, as guaranteed by the constitution, will probably be consistently maintained.

On my last day in Moscow at eight o'clock in the evening I joined the company of two thousand waiting each night in the long line for the doors to be opened at Lenin's tomb. From eight to nine each evening, six nights a week, some thousands of the youth of Russia file by, year in and year out, in silence before the body of a man who they believe lived with a passion for humanity, after twenty years in poverty, prison, and exile, only to fall from the final effects of an assassin's bullet after a life-long struggle against a system that he believed was one of fundamental economic injustice. The great writer Gorki could not picture Lenin "without the beautiful dream of the future happiness of all mankind, the dream of a bright and joyful life." He speaks of "his almost womanly tenderness for his fellows"; and writes "an ode to the sacred frenzy of heroes, among whom Lenin is the most heroic and most frenzied of all." With almost passionate devotion a Lenin cult is developing among the youth of Russia. Near by Lenin's tomb stood the shrine of the Iberian Virgin with peasants crossing themselves and praying for miraculous healing and blessing. Just above it was the inscription "Religion the opium of the people."

Contributors to This Issue

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SHERWOOD EDDY has just returned from Russia.

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